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HUSTLER

DECEMBER 1996 CONTENTS





- 5 Bits & Pieces
 Running Gag
 Edited by Aaron Lee
- 11 Feedback Words From Our Sponsors
- 15 Erotic Entertainment Night Crawling With Roxanne Hall Edited by Evan Wright
- 24 Elsa: Let's Play Two Photography by James Baes
- 32 Hot Letters Hole on Ice
- 36 Man of the People
 Photos and Interviews From Behind the
 Scenes of The People vs. Larry Flynt
- 44 Sex Play
 Inflatable Infatuation: Men Who Ball
 Blow-Up Dolls
 by J. Paul Sutter
- 50 Dawn and Hank: Volcanic Eruption Photography by Matti Klatt
- The Hidden Treasure of Japanese
 Geisha Girls
 Profile by Christopher Seymour
- 62 Raveness: Dark Star Photography by Clive McLean
- 70 Lucy: Queen of the Bush Centerfold Photography by Clive McLean
- 80 HUSTLER Humor Edited by Evan Wright
- 82 Fanning the Flames
 Hate-Crime Hoaxes Heat Up
 America's Animosities
 Report by Jim Redden
- 86 Shannon and Trixie: Route 69 Photography by Matti Klatt
- 107 Beaver Hunt
- Genuine Fur Trim

 VOLUME 23 NUMBER 6
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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Desperate people do desperate things, but that's no excuse for Bob Guccione. As publisher of a declining magazine called *Penthouse*, Guccione's hopeless bravado has dug him into increasingly lower levels of deep shit. Finally, with one supreme act of absurd despair, bottom-of-the-barrel Bob has become HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for December 1996.

Old asshole Guccione can't stop shitting on himself. Nor can the 65-year-old publisher keep from shitting all over his diminishing *Penthouse* reader base and drizzling feces upon the good faith of a credulous American public.

The sound of doomed grandiosity reverberates in Guccione's phlegmy voice. In recent radio spots advertising his downward-spiraling magazine, Guccione's words gurgle as if through curdled semen: "We publish photographs capable of changing the course of human history."

Guccione's oyster-stirring larynx insinuates that *Penthouse* has braved government death threats to publish photos of a dead alien.

"A photograph of Jesus Christ might be a comparable story to the first real photo of an extraterrestrial," humbly opines dipshit Bob. Guccione stops short of promising a shot of Jesus nude in his next issue, but asserts that the thing pictured in his mag is an authentic alien.

To a rational viewer, the alleged extraterrestrial bears suspicious resemblance to an alien available from the Sharper Image catalog, a toy based upon a prop from the movie Roswell. But who are the



voices of reason to doubt Guccione?

Guccione seems to hail from a planet queerly different from our own. He should be better able than any expert to spot an authentic space alien. What are the "incontrovertible" telltale signs? Look for bulging, sightless eyes, an otherworldly expanse of forehead, spindly limbs covered in reptilian, leathery, horror-show skin, the translucent, stretched parchment of its facial epidermis. Wait! That's not the space alien—it's Guccione!

Guccione's credibility should always be doubted. Only fools believe that he ran the Unabomber's manifesto in order to "stop the guy from killing people."

Gullible chumps ruefully recall a

spate of news stories that reported Guccione's plans to run outtakes from a sexually explicit videotape of Pamela Lee and her husband, Tommy. The June *Penthouse* bore a come-on photo of the *Baywatch* siren, aside the legend PAMELA ANDERSON: HER X-RATED HOME VIDEO. Inside were no photos from the video, no apologies, no refunds.

If only one sucker is born every minute, Guccione has run out of dupes. The state of his financial empire indicates that decline is upon him. According to the Wall Street Journal, Guccione wasted \$17 million failing to develop small nuclear-fusion reactors, he sank \$145 million into an old Atlantic City Holiday Inn that never became the

casino of his dreams, he borrowed \$10 million against his cherished art collection, his General Media Inc. issued \$85 million in junk bonds, incurring staggering interest payments. He took a second \$10 million loan, at 17%. Two nonsex titles, *Omni* and *Longevity*, were killed. The company staff was cut by 22%. Most telling, *Penthouse* lost an estimated \$9 million for the year.

Guccione downplays his woes as resulting from rising paper and postage costs. The real problem is that his magazine sucks.

Try to pick the shittiest aspect of Penthouse. That outdated myopic photography? The dumb, pseudoglam styling of the girls? Old-news articles? Pompous, boring fantasy letters? No-fun humor? Recurrent columns by the world's most ancient hooker (Xaviera Hollander), the world's oldest and least successful National Lampoon groupie (Emily Prager), a Nixon speechwriter (Ben Stein) and an O. J. lawyer who is a former HUSTLER Asshole of the Month (Alan Dershowitz)?

Penthouse is a magazine that places value on the byline of Al Goldstein. And even that is not the worst of it.

Guccione frequently trumpets himself as a First Amendment champion. As Larry Flynt well knows, Bob's crusade for free speech ends at the point where free speech makes fun of him. Guccione's lawsuits against our commentary upon him have failed to censor HUSTLER. We say loud and clear: Bob Guccione is an Asshole on any planet; every photo proves it.

Farts in the Wind

800's victims that "dozens and dozens" of bodies had been located. That evening, the National Transportation Safety Board denied any more bodies being found. Bereaved relatives demanded a retraction from Pataki, giving him another opportunity to be an on-air Asshole.

Jan Wood: TWA's vice president

for domestic sales, Jan Wood, attended an interfaith memorial for those who died on Flight 800. Jan was reported delivering this sentiment: "We want you to know that TWA has brought more families together than any airline in the world. We're still America's airline." Wood's elegizing was in effect an advertisement for herself as an Asshole.

George Pataki to indulge in his trademark headline grubbing. One week after the explosion, Pataki jumped in front of reporters to personally ensure friends and relatives of Flight

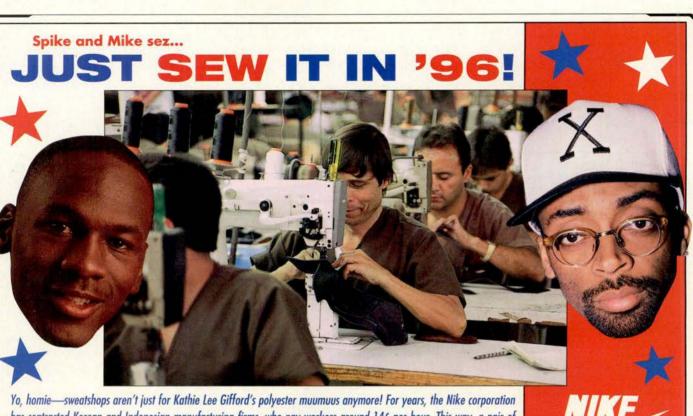
George Pataki: TWA Flight 800

flaming into the ocean off Long

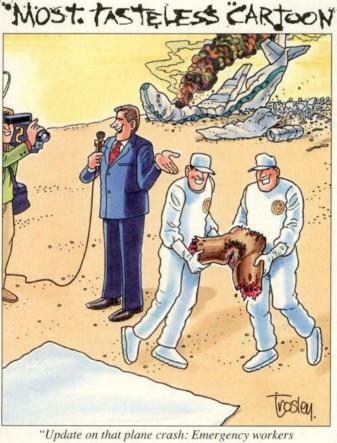
Island caused the nation to grieve

in unity, but the disaster was a

cue for New York's Governor



Yo, homie—sweatshops aren't just for Kathie Lee Gifford's polyester muumuus anymore! For years, the Nike corporation has contracted Korean and Indonesian manufacturing firms, who pay workers around 14¢ per hour. This way, a pair of shoes can cost as little as \$12 to assemble—and the Nike corporation can keep alive the great American tradition of gouging consumers! So throw on those new Air Jordans, kiss \$115 goodbye and run to the nearest election booth.



"Update on that plane crash: Emergency workers have finally discovered the black box!"





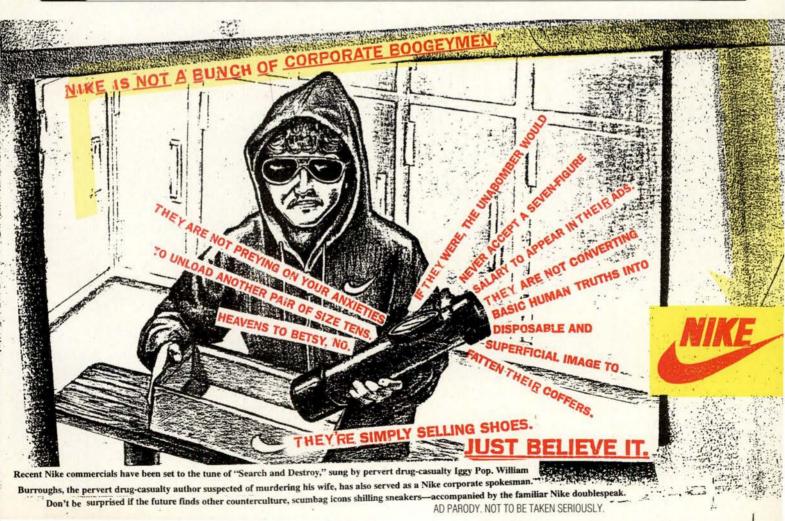
What this pair did with that soda bottle would make your hair curl almost as much as those bushy pubes. Looks like lazy afternoons of lesbian frolic were the choice of an old generation too.

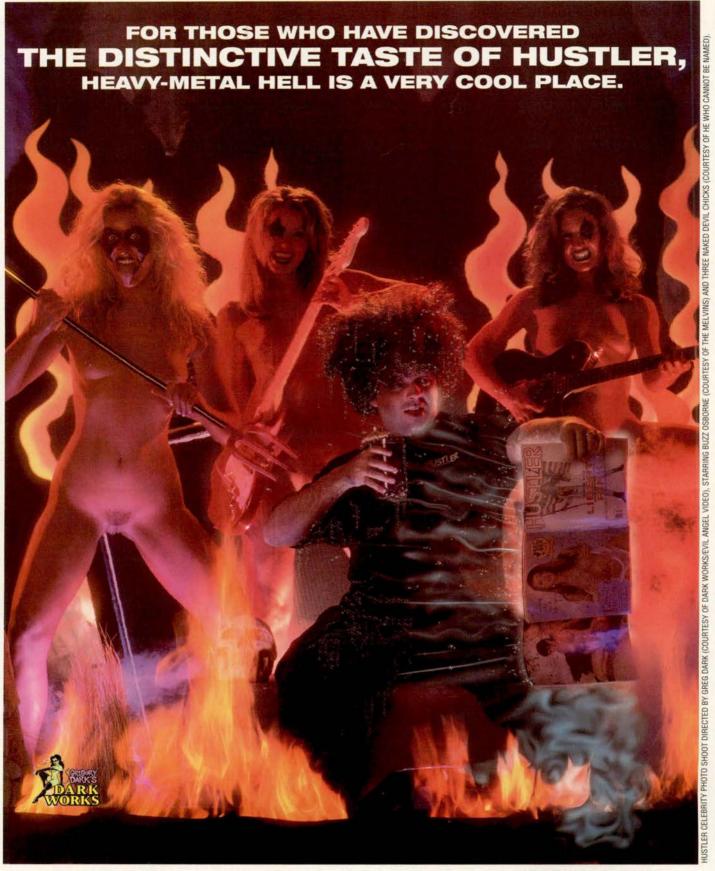
Thanks and \$150 to R. Terzer for this little trip down memory loin. Send primeval pornography to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.



Old-Time Menstrual Show

HUSTLER gushes nostalgic over the days of Vageville. Back before a bunch of uptight cunts proclaimed such entertainment "politically incorrect," audiences gathered once a month to roar at the bawdy, furlesque antics of the Old-Time Menstrual Show. When the great Al Holeson wowed 'em with a rendition of "Clammy," there wasn't a dry seat in the house. Break out that Old Soft Flue-it's the return of the On the Ragtime era.





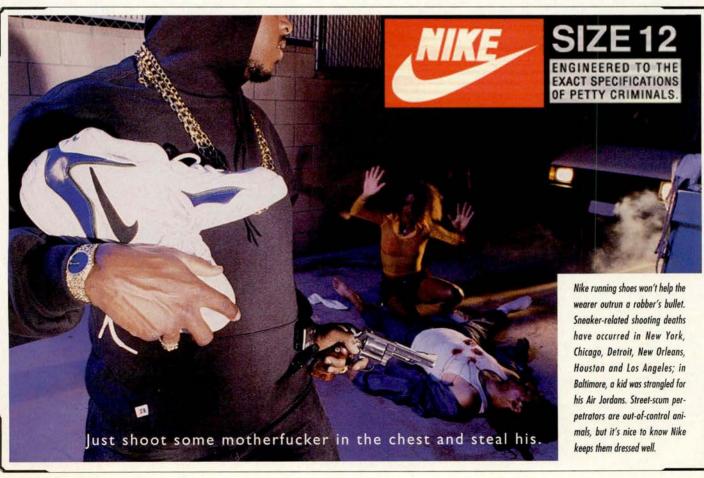
After a decade of scorching ears with more than a dozen albums of malicious metal, the Melvins remain hotter-than-hell trailblazers. Devilish porn auteur Gregory Dark has turned up the heat by directing "Bar-X the Rocking M," the first video from the Melvins' new Atlantic Records release, Stag. Melvin Buzz Osborne, credited with teaching Nirvana's Kurt Cobain to play guitar when both were spotty teenagers in hellacious Aberdeen, Washington, has discovered the coolest place on earth or below—HUSTLER.

Sex, Buzz and rock 'n' roll—just a few of the sinful delights that make HUSTLER a very cool place to be.

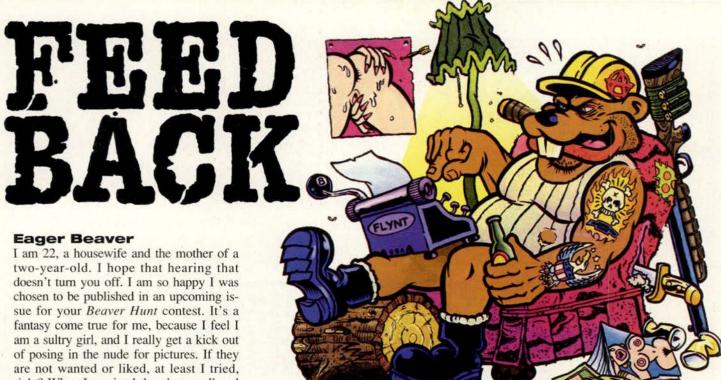
Fuck No Monkey, Suck No Monkey

Bad news, cocksuckers. Scientists studying HIV's simian counterpart, SIV, have discovered that socalled Monkey AIDS is 6,000 times more likely to be transmitted through oral sex than anal intercourse. Some researchers conclude that taking a dick in the ass may be safer than drunken accepting a bimbo's blowjob-but only if she's had a lot of sex with simians. Sluts, skanks and floozies of the world, keep it clean: Don't fuck an ape. Save your monkey business for us hairy beasts with opposable thumbs.









right? When I received the phone call and found out that I was actually picked, I was so damn happy, nothing could wipe the smile off my face that day. It's like something inside me just clicked. It was a dream come true just to be a small part of such a

greatly notorious magazine. Hacienda Heights, California

—H. F.

Something inside us clicked also, H. F., and we're sure it will put a smile on our readers' faces when they see you in next month's Beaver Hunt.

Dyke on Dicks

This is regarding two letters published in the July '96 Feedback, under the heading "Smear the Queers." Why do you care if the men in the pictorials have hard or limp penises? I would think you bought HUSTLER to look at the pussies and tits of the womyn. Do you secretly crave those dicks in your asses and don't want others to know; so you make hateful statements to look like big men? Enjoy the womyn, beat your pieces of worthless meat, keep your fucking hateful mouths shut and continue on your life's journey as the breeders you are. Elmwood Park, New Jersey

Now, now, B. D., don't get sore because some men are less secure in their mas-

culinity than you are.

Foul Balls

I write as a longtime reader of HUSTLER in the hope that you can help me find a service that I have been searching for just as long. Can you tell me where I can have myself castrated? The medical profession, of course, will do this only for

"medical reasons." I just want to have it done and have wanted it done for some 30 years. I am determined to find a way. I know castration is readily available in Mexico and Europe, but I do not want to go there. Surely, it can be had in this country. —B. L.

Salina, Kansas

We'd like to tell you how to get yourself



Daisy and Ace: Hot Rods

fixed, B. L., but we'd lose a reader. You'd start buying Playboy and Penthouse like all the other eunuchs.

Slap Schott

Your September issue showed you love the people who truly own America. Why else would you bad-mouth Marlon Brando, when he has the balls to say Jews run Hollywood ("Marlon's Brand O' Wisdom," Bits & Pieces)? Why would you call Marge Schott an asshole ("Farts in the Wind," Bits & Pieces)? Hitler brought his people out of a depression, built an autobahn, etc., but you, like those who own the major media, take her out of context. You need to put your Editorial staff in "Asshole of the Month." -G. G.

Beachwood, New Jersey

So Jews run Hollywood. Arabs run convenience stores, blacks run basketball courts, and some HUSTLER readers run to the liquor store and then run their mouths.

Ace in the Hole

Hey, dude! Just got the September issue. Loved it! I'd love to play with Daisy (Daisy and Ace: Hot Rods). Ace sure is lucky. Beaver Hunt was especially good. I'd also love to give Heaven (Beaver Hunt, September '96) a rimjob from hell and eat Janel's (Beaver Hunt, September '96) pussy until her screaming breaks glass. How about showing us some hot Native-American pussy? Better yet, how about some of you brothers on the rez

COME EAT CLAM BAKE!



Pick A Pussy! FUCK 1,2 OR ALL 3!

I'LL SUCK YOU DRY & **SWALLOW EVERY** DROP!



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CUM GET FUCKED WE'LL MAKE YOU CUM IN SECONDS!



Cock Craving Kinky Tramps

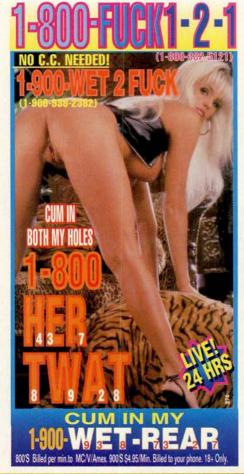


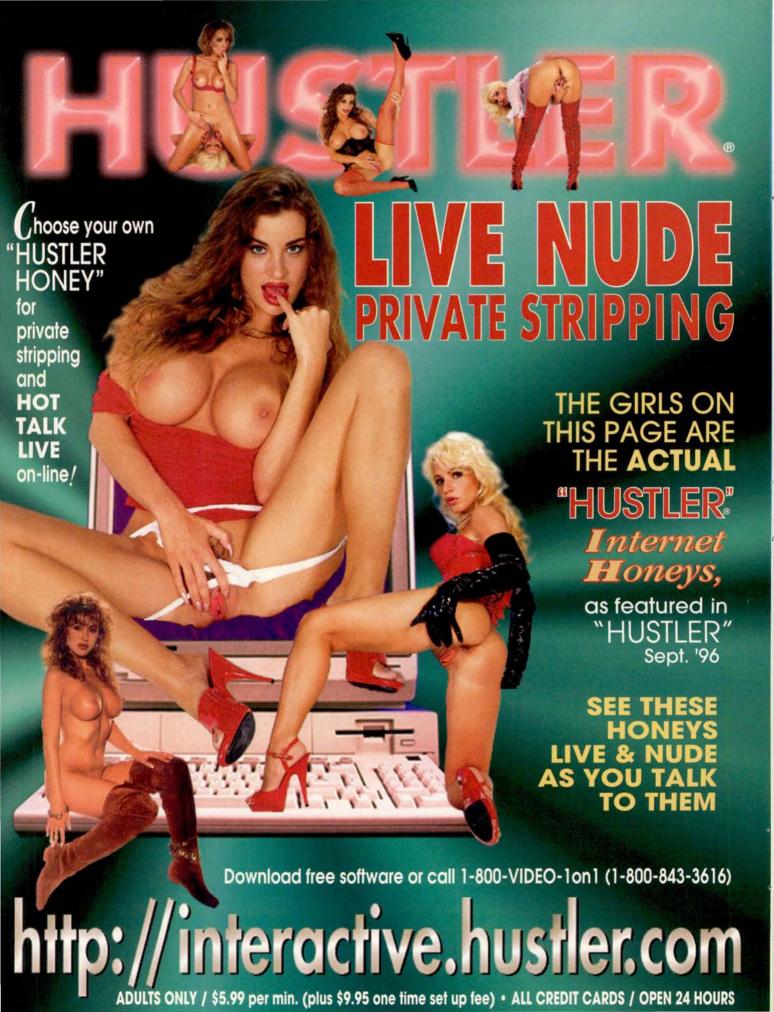
Your hard Meat

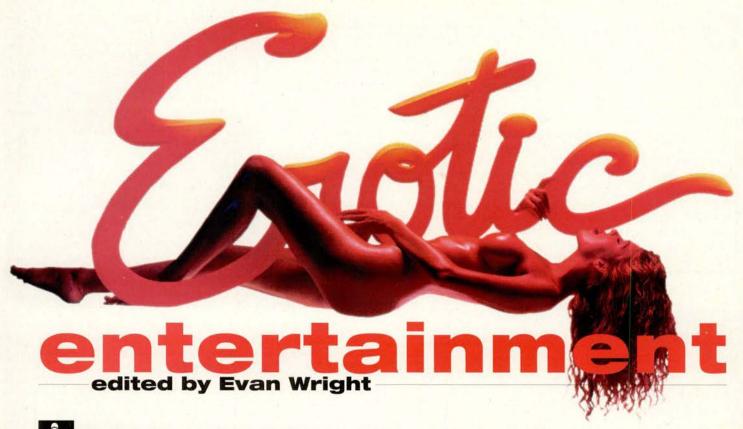












Buttman's Orgies

FULLY ERECT. Directed by John Stagliano; starring Elena, Luda, Maryna, Jana, Silvia, Eva, Sabina, Stephanie, Pereara, Catarina, Lenka, Ludmilla, Rocco Siffredi, Jon Dough, Joey Silvera, Mark Davis, Pavel and Standa. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

Sun-ripened Brazilian butts—round and firm, sitting high atop long, shapely legs—constitute the entire universe of *Buttman's Orgies*.

Filmed up close, the taut gluteus-maximus skins shimmer with halos of peach fuzz. The cushiony packages contain little treasures at their centers: clenching, glistening sphincters ready to pleasure any stiff prong thrust their way. Such butts are attached to willing females who smilingly suck nuts, lick labes and evince deep fascination with each other's perfectly upright, perfectly natural tits. None of these women have much to say, since none of them speak English, and that's perfect too. The soundtrack consists of the slut song of mouths

moaning on engorged genitals, male and female alike. Incredible abominations of sodomy are shot along steel-banistered staircases, modular orgy couches and swimmingpool decks that are quickly awash in cum. Rocco Siffredi makes an appearancefondling, spitting and pumping buttery turd rings with expert perversity. Plowing a dusky pair of cunt flaps, Joey Silvera wheezes, "Oh, man, try this one, John," then steps aside to let his buddy share in the sopping, velvety treat. In Buttman's Orgies, Stagliano creates a malefantasy universe of fantasy females in which the gravitational pull of butt cheeks keeps peckers perpetually hard. -Mack Assarian



BUTTMAN'S ORGIES: Spearing Lenka from twat to tongue.

BUTTMAN'S ORGIES: Eva's apples.

The Hungry Heart

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Rick Blaine; starring Shanna McCullough, Mark Davis, Nici Sterling, Wilde Oscar, Lovette, Tom Byron, Alex Sanders, Sid Deuce, Missy, Mickey, Rick Masters, Susi Suzuki and Dave Hardman, Videocassette: Alpha Omega Productions.

Aficionados of latex, shiny chains of bondage, kneeling role play, bootlicking and riding crops slapped menacingly in the palms of attractive, experienced women decked out in dominatrix drag will find The Hungry Heart to their tastes. Beyond pleasing the quirk and prop contingent, Hungry Heart is packed with a few hard humps that are tightly shot, firmly fucked and topped off with well-placed, sleazy bursts of testicle froth. Shanna McCullough plays a whip lightly across a

downy blonde's ass; Tom Byron pulls in behind the fair-skinned bimb, tosses meat into her twat, then squeezes it into her shitter. Of course she sucks it to finish. Susi Suzuki is a sushi lover's dream girl; the demure, petite Asian fish opens her two-hole socket for a fast and effective double penetration that drains a viscous stream of goop into her ass crack. Hungry Heart has at least one more carnal main course and a choice of desserts; is your appetite whetted? -Christian Shapiro

THE HUNGRY HEART: Missy, do I look like a slut yet?





ANAL ANARCHY: Muff munchers Ashton, Missy and Breeze.

Anal Anarchy

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Mondo Tundra; starring Juli Ashton, Racquel Lace, Demi Willis, Missy, Jordan Lee, Dallas, Stephanie Swift, Anna Amore, Crystal Breeze, Kymberly Kyle, Chloe Nicholle, Steve Hatcher, Bret Singer, Dave Cummings, Bobby Vitale, Freddie Diamond, Mr. Marcus, T. T. Boy, Tim Lake, Marc Wallice and Tom Byron. Videocassette: VCA.

Nostalgic fist-fuckers who thought the hippie flower children of the 1960s were a bunch of degenerate perverts will be extremely pleased by Mondo Tundra's mock 1960s fuckumentary, Anal Anarchy. A pot-smoking blonde unpuckers the pink asterisk between her butt cheeks for a furious plunging; an outdoor scene features real flies that buzz Demi Willis's anus as she's sodomized against a tree; groovy, Eurasian dream trollop Stephanie Swift gets enough gunk spewed onto her tummy to fill a lava lamp; Missy mans the strap-on in a femi-

nist bra-burning, muff-munching protest with Crystal Breeze and Juli Ashton; Bobby Vitale and Freddie Diamond play two ROTC candidates who ramrod a strawberry blonde with perfect, standat-attention tits; explosive Racquel Lace, with dark lines of fuzz encircling her rump hole like lines of gunpowder, balls a baldheaded old geezer and detonates his testicles across her face. In the final orgy, Ashton's bottom holes star in a DP. Anal Anarchy succeeds despite the tongue-in-buttcheek hippie humor that's often really dumb. -Walter Gahagan

Adam and Eve's House Party

HALF ERECT. Directed by Veronica Hart; starring Kia, Alex Sanders, Michael J. Cox, Sindee Coxx, Felecia, Julie Rage, Vince Vouyer, Sahara Sands, Mark Davis, Crystal Breeze, Alexia Dane, Justin Meyers, Nina Hartley, Michael Knight and Andrea Amore. Videocassette: VCA.

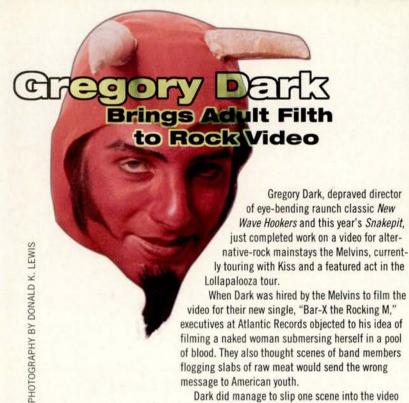
If a bunch of broads sit around a living room with boxes of sex toys on the coffee table, then the women will inevitably share sexual scenarios, and the world will be enriched with yet one more XXX film in which Nina Hartley fucks some guy, and Felecia does not. Felecia is a tricky fox. A basic-issue stud sprays on some pheromone cologne, and suddenly three naked chicks are working on him, or at least three naked chicks seem to be working on him. One of the nude girls is

16

Felecia, a total slacker in the cocksuck department. The guy doesn't seem to miss one more pair of lips. Hard body Kia has hard titties, piercings in her pussy and Alex Sanders's hard cock making her coo and act goofy. A blonde who looks like Courtney Love works a pair of dicks with all three of her holes; Crystal Breeze comes out of retirement to sit on a toilet and buzz her clit; three chicks share obligatory licks. Don't plan to stay home solely on account of House Party.



ADAM AND EVE'S HOUSE PARTY: Alexia noses into Kia's clam.



When Dark was hired by the Melvins to film the video for their new single, "Bar-X the Rocking M," executives at Atlantic Records objected to his idea of filming a naked woman submersing herself in a pool of blood. They also thought scenes of band members flogging slabs of raw meat would send the wrong message to American youth.

Dark did manage to slip one scene into the video that is sure to keep censors working overtime: a tenpound bucket of live worms is poured onto porn star



Roxanne Hall, meat girl.

Roxanne Hall as she reclines nude in a bathtub. Hall, who shares her apartment with more than a dozen pet rodents and reptiles, was con-

cerned about not harming any worms. "I love all living creatures," she declared just before plunging into the worm bath. "When I was seven, my older brother stomped on my pet hamster, and the horror of that has given me a special feeling for animal life."

Emerging from the tub, covered in worm slime, Hall giggled: "This is a lot easier than the work I normally do."



Worms away.

Ben Dover's Little Big Girls

HALF ERECT. Directed by Ben Dover; starring Mary, Caroline, Stephanie, Melanie, Angeline, Ben Dover and Super Mario. Videocassette: VCA.

Mary, a cinnamon-haired pixie who looks young enough to be lured with candy, walks her dog in the rainy, English countryside. Ben Dover and his perverted pal, Super Mario, entice her indoors for a cunt cramming. With breasts like dollops of whipped cream, Bambi-size green eyes that gaze with trusting innocence and a childish habit of chewing her lower lip when her slit gets fondled and licked, Mary wins the jailbait lookalike contest. The choad splattered onto her pout at scene's end

completes the picture of innocence defiled. Ben Dover, Britain's bantering, poon-prowling answer to Buttman, moves on to Caroline, a business-suited blonde who strips to her knickers for a butt bang; tiny tart Melanie and buxom fuck friend Stephanie team up for a spunky debauch; and Angeline, an instinctual ball sucker, concludes the raunchy romp with two loads of jizz on the kisser. Ben Dover's Little Big Girls offers a first-class excursion to lowclass British perversion.

BEN DOVER'S LITTLE BIG GIRLS: Brit nymph Angeline.





Two Too Much

ONE-QUARTER ERECT, Directed by John T. Bone: starring Jasmin St. Claire, Shyla Foxxx, Steve Hatcher, Sean Rider, Rick Masters, Dave Hardman and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Amazing Pictures.

Two sluts are better than none, usually, but two sluts, usually, are not enough to make a good porn film. Of course, everything depends on who the two sluts are. The sluts of Two Too Much are both heavily endowed with fake tit masses. They both wear thighhigh boots, latex, slut shit like that. In tandem, they both suck Tom Byron's dick, lick his ass, take his prong in their commodious poopers and pose cheek to cheek as he smears his cum on both their faces. Both sluts have one scene separate from the other. They both fuck two guys at once, taking cock in pussy and asshole, receiving facefuls of sperm. One girl fits two rods in her snatch, but it's not worth rewinding to remember which of the Two Too Much -C. S. sluts she was.

TWO TOO MUCH: St. Claire goes for the choad.

My Surrender

HALF ERECT. Directed by Candida Royalle; starring Jeanna Fine, Nici Sterling, Jill Kelly, Gina Rome, Alex Sanders, Wilde Oscar, Mark Davis and Claudio. Videocassette: Femme Productions.

Most dudes watching My Surrender probably won't enjoy the striptease that Mark Davis performs for a cigar-puffing Jill Kelly, but then again, director Candida Royalle didn't make this video for most dudes. My Surrender is a couples movie, with an emphasis on the feminine side. The masculine side will enjoy Nici Sterling's desktop spanking at the hands of schoolteacher Wilde Oscar, especially when she turns her cheeks and sucks off teacher's tool; Gina Rome opens her cunt to Claudio in a kinky mortuary scene; and Jeanna Fine, whose manic eyes sometimes resemble a depraved Lucille Ball, balls Alex Sanders hard. My Surrender's purpose of arousing females is laudable, but a film that's tame enough to untame supposedly timid chick viewers sometimes just gets lame. -W. G.



MY SURRENDER: Sanders feels Fine for fucking.



SEX PENITENTIARY: Susanna Carli does hard time.

Sex Penitentiary

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Joe D'Amato; starring Simone Valli, Robert Malone, Shalima, Cristina Valenti, Mariana Perla, Susanna Carli, Sonia Degli Esposti, Valeria Del Monte, Emilio Sanchez, Vittorio Parrini and Andrea Nobili. Videocassette: Excel Films.

This foreign import from the old-world smut artisans of Italia has atrocious voice dubbing, but the luscious picture quality, the classic pulchritude of its pussies and the women who own them and the thuggish drubbings administered to these women's assholes make Sex Penitentiary a welcome infusion to any diet of domestic raunch. Though starting with a slightly sensitive dual fuck in which two mixed-gender duos bone through a series of sexual positions side by side as though they are synchronized-swimming, Penitentiary gradually reaches a rough, grinding, sphincter-stretching level of

intensity and stays on that high through its many reamings of many dream girls. Top-credited Simone Valli is presumably the production's leading lady; she's brunet, with creamy, real jugs and a milky, Miss Clean complexion. From many views, Valli is as pretty as Annette Haven in Haven's prime, but far more demonstrative sexually, especially when a dick shiv that has knifed all the way in and all the way out of her shitter spits cum on her quaking, jizz-hungry lips. With hard-core push and highchin beauties, the Sex Penitentiary is hard time for hardened fuck fans. C. S.

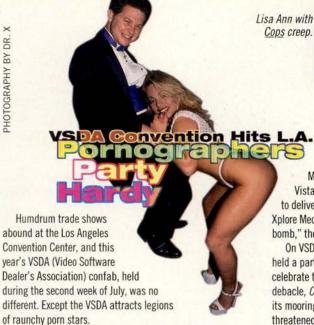
Sensations II

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Rebecca Lord; starring Rebecca Lord, Tony Tedeschi, Kitty Monroe, Chanonne, Felecia, Nici Sterling, Christophe Clark, Dick Nasty and M. J. Coxx. Videocassette: Sin City.

Gallic porn-queen-turned-director Rebecca Lord is a modern-day French filmmaker whose movies won't put the audience to sleep. Of course, she is one of the few French directors not making highbrow art movies. Or is she? The opening scene, in which Nici Sterling drives the fat head of a strapon up Felecia's dripping snatch, portrays the sort of aesthetic beauty that trouserless art critics are sure to admire everywhere. Chanonne unpuckers her shitter for a depraved DP performance piece in which a tennis court serves as the stage; Kitty Monroe turns her face into a canvas for a sperm drip painting; and Rebecca Lord, whose teenage-slender body is perhaps the greatest work of art in the entire video, shows her mastery of two puds at once in the backseat of a limo. Is Sensations just another fuck film, or is the fuck film a form of art? Let your hard-on be the judge. —W. G.



SENSATIONS II: Tedeschi power-serves balls to Chanonne's sphincters.



XXX-film manufacturers set up splashy, tasteless displays to shuck their latest offerings to the nation's video retailers, who show up in droves to ink deals and snap photos of their

favorite porn slatterns, glom autographs and, if lucky, cop a feel. Rapper Ice-T ventured down from the main convention floor (where Hollywood studios such as MGM, Warner Brothers and Buena

Vista set up splashy, tasteless displays) to deliver a message from the hood to Xplore Media's Max Hardcore, "Your shit is the bomb," the rapper declared.

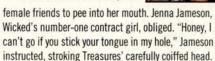
On VSDA opening night, Wicked Pictures held a party aboard a Marina Del Rey yacht to celebrate the release of its epic adult pirate debacle, Conquest. While the yacht never left its moorings, high seas of another kind threatened to flood the deck.

One of the sleaziest newcomer's in recent memory, porn star aspirant Nico Treasures, circulated on deck, inviting her flimsily dressed



Party perverts.

Treasures eats Oriental, Kia.



In the captain's cabin, Scotty Schwartz, former child star (A Christmas Story, The Toy) prepared for his starring role in Wicked's upcoming Scotty's X-Rated Adventure by rehearsing fellatio techniques with Montana Gunn.

Frightened by the threat of censorship and prosecution, the porn industry increasingly uses occasions such as the VSDA to prove to the world that it's becoming staid and respectable. To the relief of their fans, porn stars use such events to prove that they are not.

Red Hot Lover

HALF ERECT. Directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Kaylan Nicole, Jon Dough, Stacy Nichols, Joey Silvera, Melissa Hill, Vince Voyeur, Misty Rain and Jenteal. Videocassette: Cal Vista Video.

It's the story of a romantic relationship on the rocks; it's a ghost story; it's the behind-the-scenes tale of an aspiring starlet; it's Red Hot Lover, and it's a lukewarm, halfnight stand. The few pluses of this movie are diluted by mumbled dialogue and bungled sound and dramatic lines delivered with a flattened affect more appropriate to a zombie flick than to a red-hot adult entertainment. Hep hard-on Vince Voyeur puts his meat into a darkrooted blonde and palms her hardball hooters. She's the poor man's

Pamela Anderson Lee and, when Voyeur spills his wad onto her belly, she looks as though she might cry. Befuddled, old Joey Silvera puts his pacemaker through the paces with a stunned blonde in a breakfast nook. Jon Dough waltzes a toothy brunette out of her clothes and into a bit of cum, three trampy ladies play strap-on roulette outdoors on a picnic blanket, and Dough waltzes the cheap Pamela Anderson substitute out of her clothes and into a shot of wad on her tits. Red Hot is often not.



RED HOT LOVER: Kaylan Nicole positioned for comfort.

Shock

FULLY ERECT. Directed by Michael Ninn; starring Tyffany Million, Jon Dough, Shayla La Veaux, Jeanna Fine, Sunset Thomas, Tricia Yen, Marine Cartier, Caressa Savage, Jill Kelly, Jenny Blair, Misty Rain, Felecia, Kia, Rebecca Lord, Ona Zee, Jon Dough, Vince Vouyer, T. T. Boy, Peter North, John Decker and Sean Rider. Videocassette: VCA.

Shock is such a technically ambitious adult film-chock-full of showy special effects usually found in a video game—that it verges on being experimental. Often the experiment succeeds, as in the techno-bestiality scene that features elfin-eved Shavla La Veaux giving head and getting ass-reamed by two stony gargoyle monsters. Other experiments fail, as when Ninn overuses the digital video effects that make it possible for him to shoot black-and-white images intertwined with color in the same

frame, such as black-and-white schlongs penetrating vibrant, pink cunts. Lesbian rubber, latex and whip scenes predominate: the finest presents six spiky dom bitches with strap-ons that piss oil onto a chained femme submissive. Tyffany Million blows over the video's cumbersome special effects with a spit-and-lick hummer that leaves her kisser gunked with splooge, courtesy of the effects department in Peter North's testicles. Shock often electrifies, but sometimes it merely numbs. M. A.



Mankiller

HALF ERECT. Directed by Buck Adams; starring Nici Sterling, Sid Deuce, Tabitha, Kelly Jaye, Buck Adams, Bobby Vitale, Alex Sanders and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Sin City.

Director Buck Adams has taken the style of R-rated erotic thrillers—the sultry moodiness, the atmosphere of sexual tension and the lush photography—and added full-core, hard-mash sex with sucking and semen to rousing effect in *Mankiller*. Toffeeskin seductress Tabitha writhes and moans as she is leveraged by penis; she flexes and presses her full, natural tits, her full, natural lips and her fully supernatural ass halves. The camera moves in cadence with the couple's chang-

ing positions; the scene is edited in a kinetic but cohesive flow of multiview highlights. The kissing is hotter than much of the fucking that gets on film these days. Four more sex scenes unfold in short order. The bodies, shot with an artist's understanding of light and shadow, of tone and shading, glow with the warmth and texture of real, touchable flesh. Even the sheets look sexy. The only complaint is that *Mankiller* should have a few more scenes worth killing a wad for. —*C. S.*

MANKILLER: Sanders with mouthful of Sid Deuce.



Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of X-rated features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



Fully Erect

Superior, A top production.

Ass Openers #1 (TCKS Entertainment)

Kitty Monroe, Debi Diamond, Max Hardcore

Car Wash Angels (VCA)

Shayla La Veaux, Juli Ashton, T. T. Boy

Gregory Dark's Flesh

(Dark Works/Evil Angel)
Lisa Ann, Kim Kataine,
Nick East

Never Say Never to Rocco Siffredi (Evil Angel/Rocco Siffredi Productions)

Letizia Bisset, Perla Mazza, Rocco Siffredi



Three-Quarters Erect

Above average. Hard-on material.

Anal Palace (VCA)

Debora Wells, Anita Blonde, Mark Davis

Carl's Christy Customs (Stevi's Secrets)

Christy, Carl

Lunachick (Vivid)

Racquel Darrian, Tyffany Million, Sean Michaels

Max World 2 (Xplore Media Group)

Lovette, Julie, Max Steiner

Smells Like Sex (VCA)

Jenna Jameson, Juli Ashton, Tony Tedeschi

The Sodomizer 2 (Sin City Entertainment)

Chelsea Blue, Ashley Sage, Rodney Moore



Half Erect

Standard fare, Has moments.

Anal Town U.S.A. #12 (Nitro)

Dalny Magda, Menage Trois, Max Hardcore

Cheap Shot (Wave)

Jenteal, Sahara Sands, Mark Davis

John Leslie's Dirty Tricks #2 (Evil Angel/John Leslie Productions)

Lexi Leigh, Illana Moor, Jake Steed

Nightbreed (Vivid)

Christy Canyon, Jill Kelly, Brad Armstrong

Night Tales (VCA)

Nici Sterling, Nena Anderson, T. T. Boy

Smokescreen (Wave)

Jenteal, Kirsty Waay, Alex Sanders



One-Quarter

Poor. Don't expect much.

Beyond Reality 2 (Exquisite Pleasures)

Heather Lee, Missy, Tom Byron

Hollywood Halloween (Astral-Ocean Cinema)

Uncredited Cast

Illicit Entry (Wave)

Sindee Coxx, Monique De Moan, Bobby Vitale



Totally Limp A waste of time and money.

Dragxina: Queen of the Underworld

(Metro Home Video) Chris Cline, Adam Yo

Chris Cline, Adam Young, Kalina Lynx

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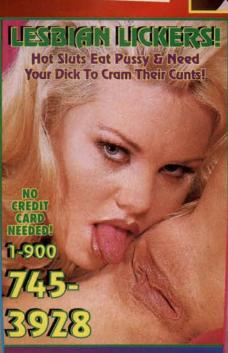
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My Tits And
Shoot Your
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FEEDBAC

(continued from page 11)

snapping some Beaver Hunt photos? Fort Spring, West Virginia

Scout out last month's Bits & Pieces (November '96) or Sean and White Dove: Dances With Pussy (September '95) for a peek at Pinkahontas getting porked.

Necessary Evil

Just a small note to tell you what I think of your mag. Not only are the women gorgeous, but your articles cut to the chase and are very informative. Your ad parodies and jokes are hilarious, especially when you make fun of a certain race, whether it's Jews, blacks or country white boys. The world could learn a lot from this, and we should all be able to laugh at one another as well as being the one laughed at. However, what I have noticed in recent issues are the phone-sex ads. I find it an inconvenience having to flip all the way to the back to find the rest of an article I'm reading. Maybe this isn't a legitimate bitch, but I'm sure if you raised your prices to compensate for what the ads are paying, the people will still buy it. I will keep buying it either way, 'cause HUSTLER kicks ass. -R. F. **USMC**

It's nice to hear that you'd pay more. Unfortunately, we need to keep the price down so that everyone can afford to enjoy HUSTLER.

Scientific Inquiry

I strongly agree with the letter sent in from J. D. in the September '96 Feedback ("The Doctor Is In") requesting a gynecologist-office pictorial. Some thoughts: Show the patient undergoing a thorough breast exam; show the doctor collecting a urine sample; have the Pap smear done by a fat, black nurse. My friends and I are waiting to see what you -Dr. D. L. come up with. Cleveland, Ohio

It's gratifying to know HUSTLER's readers are so concerned with female-health issues. As always, HUSTLER will go further and deeper into the proper care and feeding of pussies.

Leg Man

Please check out the cover from the December '75 issue, the most sensual, incredible cover HUSTLER ever published. The full-length pose of the model hugging her legs is a real turn-on, let me tell you. Why can't we ever get a cover like this anymore? Why all the boring chest close-ups? The silly butt-to-thecamera stuff? Is this junk supposed to be sexy? I'll concede that most guys actually like all this spread-leg garbage and all the other shots of people rolling over on each other. All I'm saying is that it's not what I want. I wouldn't care if everything printed inside HUSTLER was titand-butt stuff, if you gave us a good cover now and then. -B. M.

Watertown, New York

Most of our readers actually like seeing photos of tits, asses and pussies. But, for a change of pace, we hope the leggy beauty on this month's cover caught your eye.

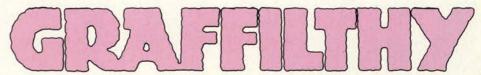
Looking for Ms. Goodbar

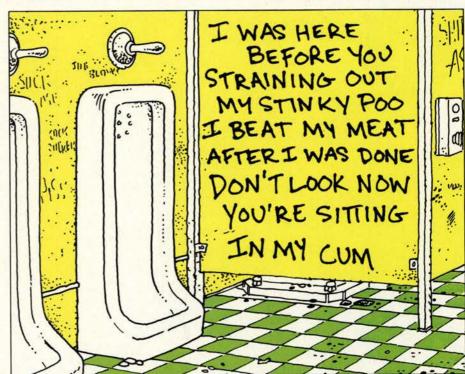
A well-kept secret from a 35-year-old, powerful man. With 12 years in bodybuilding and 17 years in the tree business, I've been rewarded with a successful business and build. My wonderful wife of 15 years has been the flame of an enriched marriage and the positive growth to our two adorable daughters. Now I can paint in the colors to the explosive desire unknown to all who see the image I portray. With a hardened desire, I long for the flesh, sweat and juices of a full-figured hermaphrodite. How I ache to meet one. To feel! To touch! In my quest, I have ventured briefly into transvestites or he/shes with big boobs. But when it got down to splurging in the pleasures, I was too repulsed to go forward. After all, it's a man's cock and no pussy, which I must add is a must. I tried to make do with a woman and a strap-on, being banged by three women, one after another. I still lacked the actual feel of a woman's cock embedding its entire shaft inside me, feeling as my ass takes in her deep fill. Not only to make kinky sex to her pussy, ass and breasts, but then to have her fuck me as I feel her breasts squish on my back. That's the complete package of -S. W. what sexy is.

Robbinsdale, Minnesota

Keep searching, S. W. Your dream girl may be out there. If she is, we hope we never meet her in a dark alley.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.





THANKS AND \$50 GO TO SPCT. ALLEN













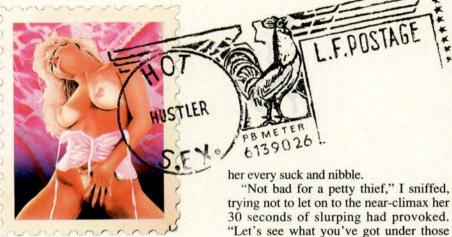








Hot Letters



DIRTY RUTTIN' SCOUNDRELS

HUSTLER is the magazine for me, because I consider myself the king of the hustlers. No offense to Larry Flynt, but I put the "con" in Tucson, Arizona. From shell games to three-card monte, there's no one who can beat Fast Freddy—especially not the easy-pickin' tourists who line my pockets every year.

This season introduced me to Macy, a woman after my own wallet. She's a pick-pocket who blew into the Duncan Canyon and ended up blowing my dong. I noticed something special about Macy right away: her bazooms, which threatened to burst out of her tight, pink sweater. The creamy valley between Macy's knockers gave the Canyon some serious competition. Those bounteous boobs were so hypnotizing, I almost didn't notice her hand in my pants.

"I'd like to think you're just being friendly," I said, grabbing Macy by the wrist. "Unfortunately, the only wad you're looking for is a bunch of \$50 bills." I pulled her thin frame close, amazed by the way her nerps grew before my very eyes. Macy's heavy breathing meant she was one of those sick, criminal bitches who gets off on being caught. I see it all the time, and I never fail to take advantage.

Macy asked, "What are you going to do to me?" The glint in her shifty eyes betrayed Macy's frightened act. I know, because I'm an expert at poker—and poking her. I called Macy's bluff by unzipping my fly.

"I'm going to make your fingers even stickier," I explained. Without further ado, the blond sex bomb pulled out my jimmy and quaffed the sweaty length. I reclined against one of the Duncan Canyon park benches as my newfound fellating friend fell to her knees before me. My fingers ran through her silky, golden hair, savoring

"Not bad for a petty thief," I sniffed, trying not to let on to the near-climax her 30 seconds of slurping had provoked. "Let's see what you've got under those skivvies." Macy stood in front of me and slid her miniskirt down those long, succulent legs. Her panty-free pussy was shaved to bare perfection and glistened with the first few drops of fuck slop. When Macy popped her top, I had to bite my tongue to keep from erupting in a cry of hallelujah. The tits that had so astounded me under wraps hung like ripe, swollen money bags when set free. I had to get my hands on those hoots! Macy

"Give 'em a suck, Fast Freddy," Macy leered. "Let's see if your mouth is as good with my nipples as it is scamming marks." Apparently, the chick had heard of my legend, but had no idea that my fame also extended to the boudoir. I took a mouthful of ta-ta, teasing Macy with my tongue strokes. She melted in my arms, pulling me down to the ground and wrapping her gams around my waist. My wiener beat a path to her hot box, prodding her labia

nearly fell to the ground when I lunged

to massage her heaving cleavage.



with blood-rushed insistence.

I panted, "Don't let my name fool you. I'm gonna fuck you slow, baby." True to my vow, I sank in just enough dick to make Macy sigh with pleasure. Patiently, I pushed further, sliding into her velvet tunnel with the restraint of a Zen master. Macy's breathing took on a frantic pace; if she didn't get the rest of my plank soon, she was liable to erupt. I rewarded her with a pelvic thrust that stretched her hole to the limit.

"That's right," Macy yelled, the sounds of our lovemaking echoing throughout the canyon. "Get it! Get it!" I fucked in earnest, pinning her down by the shoulders and brazenly entering her scorching slit again and again. Our loins locked together, unwilling to let go, but enthralled by the overload of sensation with each withdrawal. It felt like my every nerve ending was on the brink of a screaming orgasm; cum seemed ready to squirt out of my eyes, ears and nose. The rumbling of my balls warned of a load more likely to blow the top off Macy's head.

"Here it comes," I howled. "Gonna fill you up!" With all my weight, I slammed into Macy's honeypot one last time. Spunk bubbled out of my bone and oozed into every crevice of Macy's sex. I pulled out and dribbled a few drops onto her smooth, fair stomach while she thrashed underneath me, caught in the grips of her own lucky spasm.

We just lay there, sharing a smoke in silence. After a while, I couldn't take it anymore.

"All right, kid, what's your game?" I demanded. "What now—you got a Saturday night special hidden up your caboose? Or is that where you stuffed my wallet while I wasn't looking? Spit it out!" Macy just laughed and shut me up with a massive mam in the mouth.

"The scam is, I'm not a scam artist," she said, sliding her fingers back around my prick. "Picking your pocket was the only way I could get your attention. Now shut up and fuck me."

Like I said, HUSTLER's my kind of magazine. Between you guys and Macy, I'm beginning to like getting hustled.

> —F. C. Tucson, Arizona

IN COLD PUD

After a long day of making snow angels with the kids, there's nothing better than joining my wife, Sondra, in front of a roaring fire for hot chocolate and rough,

(continued on page 41)



"Well, at least tonight your big mouth won't get you in trouble...."









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OF THE PEOPLE

The Making of The People vs. Larry Flynt

of all the stories HUSTLER has told in its 22 years, none is more outrageous than the story of our founder, Publisher Larry Flynt. From poverty to wealth, from infamy to fame, Larry Flynt's journey has encompassed so much triumph and tragedy that it often seems larger than life. Now it's 20 feet high on screens nationwide.

The Columbia Pictures film *The People vs. Larry Flynt* is scheduled for a fall release. The big-screen adaptation of the life of Larry Flynt stars Woody Harrelson and Courtney Love as Larry and Althea Flynt, is directed by two-time Academy Award-winner Milos Forman and produced by Oliver Stone. A hard look at two decades of HUSTLER history, *The People vs. Larry Flynt* promises to be as provocative as its subject. HUSTLER goes on set to hear from the filmmakers themselves.

The idea was brought to my attention by Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski. It was an important reminder of a time and place which is already being forgotten. The movie brings to the forefront the difficulties and ambivalences of our First Amendment freedom.

-Oliver Stone, Producer, Director: Platoon, JFK, Nixon

Here's a guy who's considered an untouchable by the power structure of the country, and he's the reason for the most important First Amendment suit ever heard by the Supreme Court. That's a very interesting idea in the somewhat repressive times in which we live.

—Vincent Schiavelli, Actor: Amadeus, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, Fast Times at Ridgemont High

When I first read the script, I literally did not know who Larry Flynt was. So I can't say that I'm a regular reader of HUSTLER. But someone sent me a couple of tapes with footage of Larry and Althea, reels of talk shows and court interviews. I was struck by the sincerity and the sophistication of his role as a populist defender of the Constitution for the common man. When you hear the stories about Larry Flynt's wilder times, you want to dismiss him as a media-hungry, publicity-hungry guy. But when I watched these films, I found it much harder to dismiss him.

-Edward Norton, Actor: Primal Fear



Courtney Love and Woody Harrelson as Larry and Althea Flynt.

Ghandi wore a diaper like Larry. Larry's diaper just had a couple of stars and stripes on it.

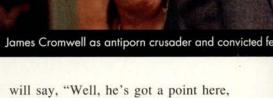
Larry Flynt's obviously known a lot of triumph and a lot of suffering. That's why they're making a movie about him. He's a Kentuckian with \$250, \$300 million; so he's a pretty savvy guy. He also has seen a lot of tragedy. He lost a wife; he's been shot. Anybody who's been with Larry can see that there's some sadness in his eyes. He's not a down or depressed guy, but he has the eyes of a man that has seen a lot.

—James Carville, Author, Clinton Campaign Advisor, Actor

Larry's just a guy who liked naked women and making a magazine until someone threw him in jail and sentenced him to 25 years. There was this guy who was a pretty simple country boy, and he was like, "My God, I didn't think this was possible. I didn't kill anybody. I just took pictures of a naked woman and put them in a magazine, and they're taking 25 years away from me." That made him look at the serious issues and say, "I want to fight this any way I can." It was thrust upon him.

—Larry Karaszewski, Screenwriter: Ed Wood, Problem Child

From Ruth Carter Stapleton to AIDS to drugs to girly magazines to Jerry Falwell to success to being shot: a lot of elements there. People, when they see it,



-James Carville

People watching the film will hopefully find it a little more difficult to easily label [Larry Flynt] one thing or another. That's not to say that people will go from thinking he's a smut peddler to thinking he's a great American hero. But people will see the validity in his story. It is a particularly American story. There is no easy answer. —Edward Norton

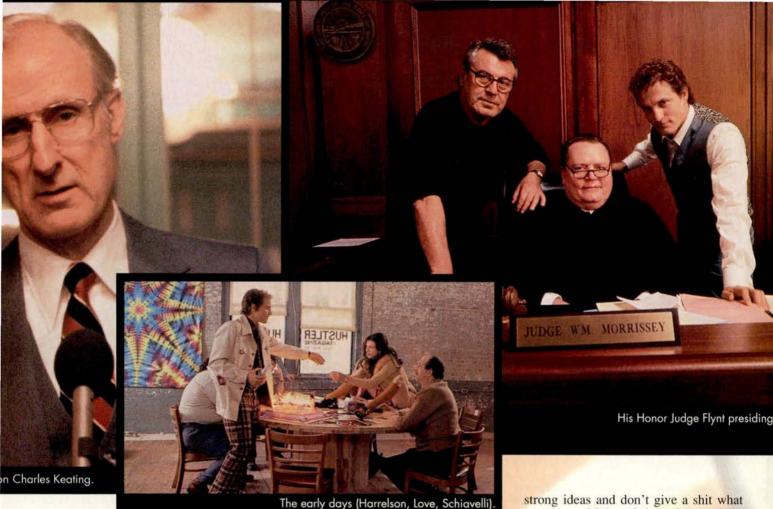
and there's a point to make against him."

Hefner is obsessed with trying to be respectable. Bob Guccione. Once they became multimillionaires, they sat back in their mansions and let the magazines run on autopilot. When Larry Flynt got his millions, he kind of kicked into overdrive. He used those millions to fight his fight.

—Scott Alexander, Screenwriter: Ed Wood, Problem Child

It's rare to find a magazine that angry. What I find appealing about the magazine and appealing to put in our screen-play is the pure anarchy. Anarchy with smarts behind it. —Larry Karaszewski

I think the magazine is ghastly, but because I happen not to like it doesn't mean that I'm opposed to it. When you



limit free speech in terms of things that you don't like, you open the door for the limitation of free speech on any issue. It's an absolute principle.

-Vincent Schiavelli

HUSTLER is a very autobiographical magazine. Very few magazines are about so much of what the publisher is thinking. You can read HUSTLER and get a sense of, oh, man, Larry was mad that month about this. You read the *New Yorker*, you won't know what Tina Brown was thinking that week.

-Larry Karaszewski

If you had a provocative magazine, and it appealed to more educated people, it was all right. But for blue-collar people to have this was less desirable. One of the things to ponder is, are the masses entitled to as much provocative art and provocative magazines as the elites are? Flynt understood that. —James Carville

Larry Flynt is on the front line. The guy who makes *The Sound of Music* is not going to be taken into court and arrested.

It's when you're pissing people off, when you're doing something that people don't like. Because Larry Flynt is fighting this battle, the rest of us have a little more freedom. We don't have to worry about it because there's Larry Flynt who's ten times more extreme than me, and he's keeping the Constitution honest.

-Larry Karaszewski

When Larry came out of his Supreme Court trial, reporters questioned him, and someone asked, "Why didn't you just pay the fine? Why bother appealing?" He found it hard to believe that a reporter was asking that question. A reporter of all people ought to understand that Larry in some ways represents the extreme test of a good principle, and principles aren't tested by the easy cases.

—Edward Norton

Most people in Hollywood, when they make biopics, they do the Great Man movies, like Ghandi. People who pissed off the general populace are much more interesting subjects. Ed Wood and Larry Flynt are both very driven men with strong ideas and don't give a shit what everyone thinks of these ideas. With these movies, the villains end up being the regular people. The people who stand for the middle of the road are our villains. Ghandi wore a diaper like Larry. Larry's diaper just had a couple of stars and stripes on it.

—Scott Alexander

I hope that people who don't like HUSTLER will come away from the movie saying, "Larry Flynt is not necessarily a good man, I don't want to read his magazine, but I don't think we should take away the right for him to publish." Milos Forman said that the real hero of the movie is the Supreme Court. The fact that the Supreme Court took Larry Flynt's side and not Jerry Falwell's, that means the country's working.

—Larry Karaszewski

In this country, you have to sometimes tolerate things that you don't agree with or like much. Freedom is not having everything be just the way you want it, but may mean that in the mix are things you don't like. That's worth bearing and is bearable. What's unbearable is other people telling us what we can or can't read or handle.

—Edward Norton

Larry Flynt is on the front line. The guy who makes The Sound of Music is not going to be taken into court and arrested.

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I'M YOUNG, I'M INEXPERIENCED, I CRAVE YOUR COCK NOW

Hot Letters If I hadn't been so distracted by the cute way Sondra's seat meat jiggled with each loud slap of my hand, I might have noticed her reaching for a different kind of red-hot poker....

unlubricated anal sex. At least, that's how I've always felt; this winter, Sondra voiced some pretty strenuous objections.

I really should have taken Sondra more seriously when she muttered, "...kill you, motherfucker." As far as I could tell, the abusive words were simply more of that fun-loving pillow talk Sondra always tosses around when my rod is buried in her shitter. If I hadn't been so distracted by the cute way Sondra's seat meat jiggled with each loud slap of my hand, I might have noticed her reaching for a different kind of red-hot poker-the one I'd been using to stoke the fireplace just moments before.

There was a loud, slurpy sound as Sondra wriggled away, leaving my angry boner twitching in midair. I assumed she was simply readying herself to stroke a few pumps of my hot spunk into her hungry yob. Sure enough, Sondra grabbed a mittful of my cock and furiously jerked in the direction of her glowering face. A familiar tingle shot through my balls; I closed my eyes and prepared for the downpour of wet ecstasy.

Sondra hissed, "Feels good, doesn't it?" I grunted my agreement and was rewarded by the tickle of Sondra's tongue on my tip. Between tastes, she whispered, "Does it feel as good as fucking my 18-year-old niece, you cradle-robbing pervert?"

Now, that little comment caught my ear. I was hoping Sondra wouldn't find out about me and Elaine. When Sondra's stepbrother got his head cut off in a motorcycle accident, I rushed to comfort his dark-eyed, curvaceous, mega-floppered, adolescent daughter. Out of sympathy, I even let her hang around the garage on Take Your Daughter to Work Day. Was I supposed to know she'd end up blowing me in the back of a totaled Buick?

I wanted to tell Sondra it was all a misunderstanding, but the words got stuck in my throat-about the same time my dick pushed aside Sondra's tonsils and peeled off its first spurts. A quart of warm nad milk sprayed down my wife's esophagus, and all thoughts of Elaine's peach-fuzz pudenda disappeared in the wash of liquid pleasure. Dizzy, I opened my eyes in time to see a trickle of sperm escape Sondra's toothy smile-and a heavy, black, metal rod smash me across the face.

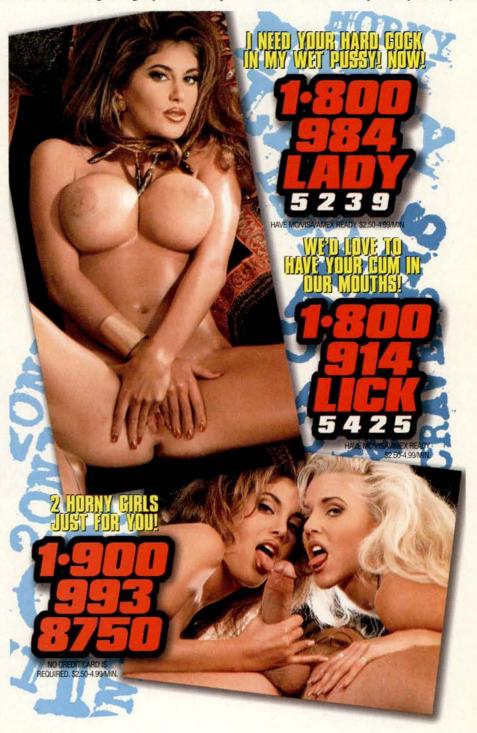
The next thing I can remember is a sharp pinprick of cold piercing my balls. If I could move, I'd beat off to warm them up. For the moment, all I could do was lie face down in a bloody snowbank.

Thank God, the approaching sound of Elaine's thoroughly fucked-up carburetor meant salvation had arrived in the form of her Toyota Tercel. There

was a car door's slam, the crunch of snow under high-heeled shoes and a bloodcurdling scream quite similar to the one Elaine let loose when she first laid eyes on my ten-inch python.

"Uncle Hank," Elaine gasped, peeling my naked form out of its frozen prison. "Did Aunt Sondra do this to you?" I didn't have the strength to answer before she exclaimed, "That bitch!" My teenage savior stretched me across the backseat of her car, turned the heat up to full blast and declared, "We've got to get you to a hospital." The little Toyota screeched away from my house like a Formula One racer.

I managed to eke out a few words of protest. "No time," I sputtered, struggling to stay conscious. "Body temperature dropping rapidly. Must...help...me...." Although my every muscle ached, I reached down between my legs and clenched my shrunken wang for dear life. Concerned, Elaine stopped the car in a well-concealed ravine and climbed over the seat to stifle my shivers in her ample bosom. She cooed, "How can I possibly save you,





Hot Letters The little girl's first orgasm nearly ripped her body in half. Friction burned my crank to yet another messy climax, and I splattered my niece's sugar walls with splooge.

Uncle Hank?" and replaced my pudpulling hand with her own. Soon my limp wood was standing at full and horny attention. I brought my lips close to Elaine's so she could hear my weak pleas.

"S-s-sixty-nine," I begged, jamming my tongue into her mouth for the warmth. Elaine understood the urgency of the procedure and stripped off her tight jeans without a moment's hesitation. Within the cramped confines of the car, she contorted her hindquarters until she could plop down perfectly and sit on my face in comfort. I greeted her juicy vage with a few deep sucks; she returned the favor by gobbling my gourd.

If Elaine's cocksucking technique is any indication, kids today really know how to give great head. She caught the base of my ween in her spit-soaked fist and jacked into her mouth while her lips slid to the base of the pole. An occasional flick of her tender tongue was accompanied by her index finger's delicate testicle tickling. Apparently she had never heard of the gag reflex, because Elaine's aggressive head bobbing was tucking away more of my meat than Sondra had ever been able to handle.

I slid a few fingers into the shockingpink recesses of Elaine's steaming snatch. The resulting cock-strangled moans encouraged me to catch her teenage clit between my lips and suckle the tiny nub at a fever pitch.

Elaine impaled her head on my rigid member, all the way to the root. Enraptured gurgling escaped her trap as I simultaneously sucked and finger-fucked her quivering poon. Finally, she spat out my prick and wailed: "Fuck me, Uncle Hank." Elaine sobbed. "I need your big, fat cock in my cunt so bad!" I pulled the lust-addled whippersnapper into my lap and rubbed my sausage's bloated head against the opening of her desperate poon.

"Such language," I chortled. "Show some respect for your elders." With a buck of Elaine's hips, my shaft was engulfed in her womb. She shook almost as violently as the spasms that had coursed through my body when Sondra bashed my brains in. Elaine's heavy, round bottom rested against my balls, and she seemed stunned by the sensation of my every inch filling her canal. I began to rhythmically fuck in and out of her tight little cooze, my hands kneading her twin mountains of tit.

Elaine moved my hands to her plump bottom and pinched her pretty nipples to an erect state. I squeezed her ass mercilessly, pounding away at her uterus like a man possessed. Pussy juice flowed down my rod and pooled on the seat covers like hot butter. This was one fuck Elaine would never forget; to make sure of the fact, I lifted her legs up as high as the Toyota's roof would allow and plumbed her cunny even deeper.

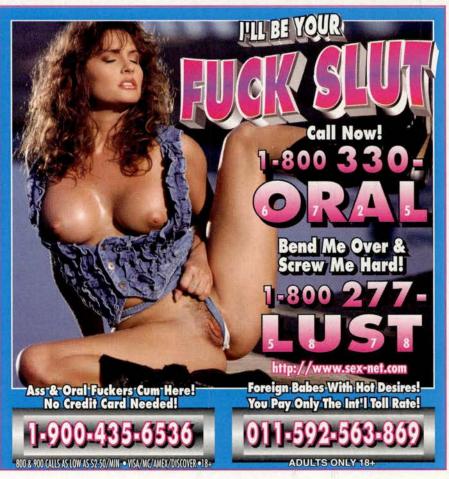
"Oh, my fuck," Elaine exploded. She bounced against me frantically, rubbing her clit for good measure. "I can feel it, Uncle Hank! I'm coming!" The little girl's first orgasm nearly ripped her body in half. Friction burned my crank to yet another messy climax, and I splattered my niece's sugar walls with splooge. She collapsed in

my arms as I unloaded the powerful blast.

Afterward, Elaine drove me to the hospital, but not in time to save my toes from frostbite. If only I'd thought to stick a few up Elaine's hot little ass. Today, I may walk with a cane, but I'm married to a 19-year-old nympho. She more than makes up for a smaller shoe size. —P. W. Syracuse, New York

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER <u>Hot</u> <u>Letters</u>, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.





SEX PLAY

Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking.

Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

Inflatable Infatuation Men Who Ball Blow-Up Dolls

By J. Paul Sutter

Soft music fills the room as Donnie and Jennifer sit on the sofa, surrounded by candles flickering seductively. Jennifer, a petite blonde, acts the coquette in black lingerie, stacked Mary Janes and a garter belt. Donnie runs his fingers through her silken hair, whispering sweet words in her ear. He kisses her firmly on the lips, forcing his tongue deep into her warm mouth. He strokes her cunt lips with his fingers through the filmy fabric of her panties.

"I love you," he tells Jennifer. "Want to suck me off now?" Donnie whips out his stiff prick, guiding it toward Jennifer's eager, wide-open mouth. He plunges in as her oral muscles put a pulsing clench on his mushroom-cap cock head. Donnie gasps, fighting to hold on, not wanting to ejaculate too quickly.

"Slow down!" Donnie begs. "Please, Jennifer, don't make me come too fast."

Donnie fucks her mouth more deliberately, savoring the throbbing waves of pleasure. "Bring me off slowly, baby!"

Nearing climax, Donnie grabs the back of Jennifer's head and unleashes spurts of semen into the deepest recesses of her throat. One blast gives way to many more until cum gurgles back up from between her ruby-red lips.

"Oh, baby, that felt so fucking good!" Donnie shouts. "Did you like the taste of my cream? Bet you'd like me to fuck your hot little cunt right now, wouldn't you?" From the look in Jennifer's eyes, Donnie knows that she wants cock bad. She always wants it bad. And Donnie is always the guy to give it to her.

He carries Jennifer into the bedroom, lays her supine on his twin mattress and pulls down her panties. Sniffing her crotch, Donnie savors the murky aromas of an aroused woman. His cock is again hard as concrete and

ready for her slickened sheath. Donnie climbs between her thighs, running his hands up and down her stockings as he aims his purple-as-an-iris prick into her burning pussy.

He enters slowly, his cock inching deeper into her channel. Once he is all the way inside her, Donnie lifts her off the bed, cupping her ass cheeks for maximum drilling depth. The bed shakes with the ferocity of his thrusts. Donnie lets out loud moans as he intensifies his pumping. He swears Jennifer's cunt gets better each time he fucks it, her pussy muscles strangling his tool like miniature electric boas.

Valiantly, Donnie holds back, his balls tightening with accumulating semen. A gallon of man milk churns in his nuts. Finally, he crosses the line.

"Oh, baby, get ready!" he

screams, and a geyser of sperm gushes from his cock, drenching Jennifer's pussy. Creamy oils gush from her pink folds.

Donnie leaves his cock inside her until he softens. He looks down at her pussy to see cum oozing out onto his scrotum. He pulls his greased tool up and wipes off excess goo right onto Jennifer's lips. "Baby just can't get enough cum!" he mutters.

"You're the best," he tells his girl. "No one will ever replace you!"

At least not until she pops. Jennifer is an inflatable doll, a \$79.95 investment Donnie made in 1994 that has revolutionized his sexual life. He isn't considering a marriage ceremony and can't take her out in public, but Donnie believes Jennifer is his perfect match and eschews the idea of a flesh-and-blood relationship. Jennifer, with her three ready holes and unwavering consent, is real enough for him.

A 36-year-old construction worker, Donnie doesn't see himself as sick or perverted. He's been through the dating routine, and his heart has broken more times than he cares to remember. He knows Jennifer will never turn on him and kick him around like a clod of dirt.

"I saw Jennifer in a sex shop," he says. "She looked better than half the women I've dated. I had to have her. She's saved me lots of money too. No more buying a woman dinner with hopes of getting laid, and than nothing. Jennifer doesn't eat, and she never has a headache."

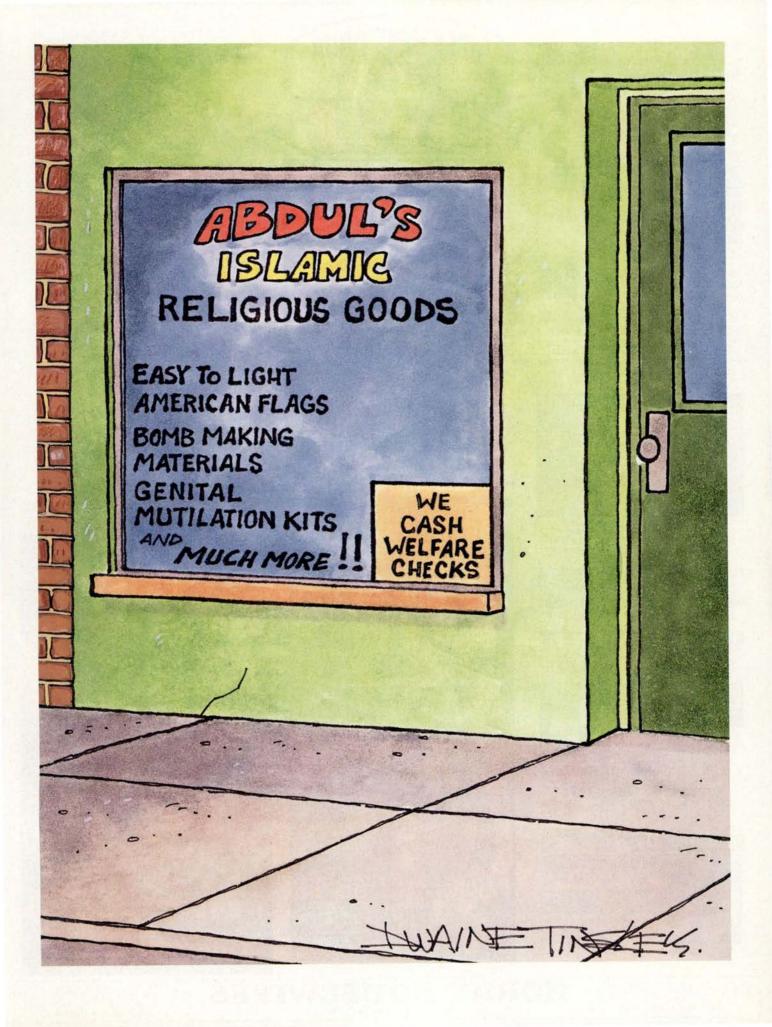
Donnie is one of a growing number of men who are romantically involved with inflatable ladies. Often regarded as a joke or novelty purchase in the 1950s and '60s, fuck dolls have become remarkably lifelike in the '80s and '90s. The newest dolls have soft, pliable skins, sucking mouths, vibrating cunts and agitating assholes that can bring even the most finicky prong to a ball-frying climax. Most models retail for less than \$100. They never talk back or menstruate and are ineligible for divorce settlements or alimony.

While most men are quick to condemn inflatable dolls as pathetic imitations of real women, Dr. Linden Grankle, an East Coast psychologist and sexual behaviorist, points out several positive fuck-doll features. "Many of my colleagues believe that any substitution for flesh-and-blood contact is unnatural. I beg to differ. Inflatable dolls serve an important purpose. There are a great number of men who suffer a debilitating shyness around women and who use dolls as a sort of training ground for sexual intercourse with the opposite gender. Strange as it sounds, some men have become better lovers thanks to intimacy with a blowup doll. Also, in a time when AIDS hovers like a black cloud over our sexual relations, dolls provide an extremely safe outlet for lustful compulsions. To my knowledge, no one has ever contracted AIDS from a sex doll. It's the safest form of sex you can have, next to masturbation.

"Of course, taken to extremes, any sexual kink can develop into a neurosis. If a man fixates on dolls to the point that he no longer craves contact with real women, then that can present a major problem. I studied one case

(continued on page 48)







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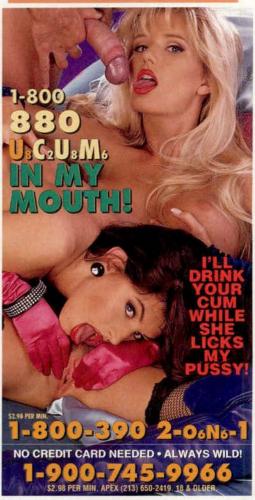
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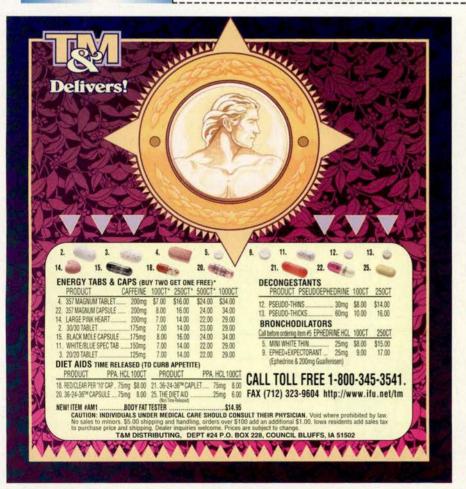


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(continued from page 44)

Sex Play "I've gone to hookers and paid big bucks for freaky sex shit my girlfriends wouldn't do. Dolls are a helluva lot cheaper, and you never have to worry about disease."

in which a man bought a doll and basically checked out from the human community. He took the doll for rides in his car and out camping. He no longer socialized with friends because of his overwhelming infatuation with the doll

"This kind of delusional behavior is rare. mind you. I believe that as a means of complementing one's sex life, inflatable dolls are healthy alternatives."

Marty Nartsos owned a sex shop in New York's Times Square district for five years in the late '80s. Movies, magazines and sex toys all sold well, but inflatable dolls were always the fastest-moving item in the shop.

"I'd order a new shipment on Monday, and they would be sold-out by Friday," Nartsos says. "It wasn't only guys in rubber raincoats who bought the dolls. Over half the customers were businessmen-well-dressed Wall Street types with briefcases and flashy rings.

"You could see guys with erections from staring at dolls in the displays. Real women didn't make them that hard."

Brad Kalper isn't ashamed to admit he was once a customer at Nartsos's store. Kalper, a corporate executive, has been purchasing inflatable dolls since 1986. He says he buys one a year, in the same manner as he trades in cars annually. The difference is that the used fuck dolls never earn him a rebate. "When I get through with one doll, she goes into the trash,

and a new one takes her place," Kalper says, "If I wanted to be kinky, I could keep them and have an inflatable harem."

For Kalper, fuck dolls are ideal counterparts for a career-oriented man. "The dolls help me unwind after a long day of wheeling and wheedling on the stock market. Every night, I go home to a receptive woman who won't ever tell me she's not in the mood or that her mother is coming over for a visit."

Kalper is ecstatic over the recent upgrades in doll quality and design. "I got the best blowjobs of my life from a doll I bought in 1994. She had a thermal unit in her mouth for warmth and another device that produced a sucking effect. All I had to provide was the lube. There was a release valve in the back of her neck for cum. I controlled her pace, and if I wanted the blowjob to last. I'd have her suck me slowly for an hour and a half. I'd like to see any of my former girlfriends duplicate that."

Dr. Victoria Helfer, a California sex researcher, is intrigued by the popularity of inflatable consorts. She believes that dolls represent more than affection without commitment. They also represent emotional safety-a lover who will never criticize a man for poor sexual performance.

"Dolls aren't going to say, 'That was a lousy lay," Helfer says. "With dolls, there is absolutely no performance anxiety involved in the sex act. That's one of the reasons why a few of my colleagues have recommended that men with certain sexual dysfunctions, namely impotence, buy a doll to practice on. A doll doesn't expect dividends for her part in intercourse and can't make a man feel ashamed if he gives a feeble performance.

"In one case, a man had been impotent for three years, unable to maintain an erection in the presence of the opposite sex. When he attempted intercourse with an inflatable doll, the problem disappeared. He was encouraged to have the doll nearby whenever he had the opportunity to make love to a real woman. Over time, with the doll serving as a security blanket, he gained enough confidence to perform sexually in a human-to-human context.

"I would certainly never condemn anyone for using an inflatable doll as a form of therapy. Even beyond therapy, if someone is more comfortable with this type of playmate in their life, then this kind of sexual relationship can be a healthy one. As long as they don't lose sight of the fact that the doll is not real. A man who has conversations with his doll unrelated to sex, or feels jealousy over the doll's imagined affections, should seek out a mental-health professional."

Four years ago, Kevin Sentzer edited and published a small newsletter for lovers of inflatable women. With a circulation of around 250, Doll World attracted blow-up-babe afficionados who sent in vivid descriptions of their relationships and hot encounters with rubber girlfriends. Doll World also published photos of its readers' pneumatic paramours. Many of the shots pictured dolls dressed in sexy lingerie and spike heels or even in rubber and vinyl fetish wear.

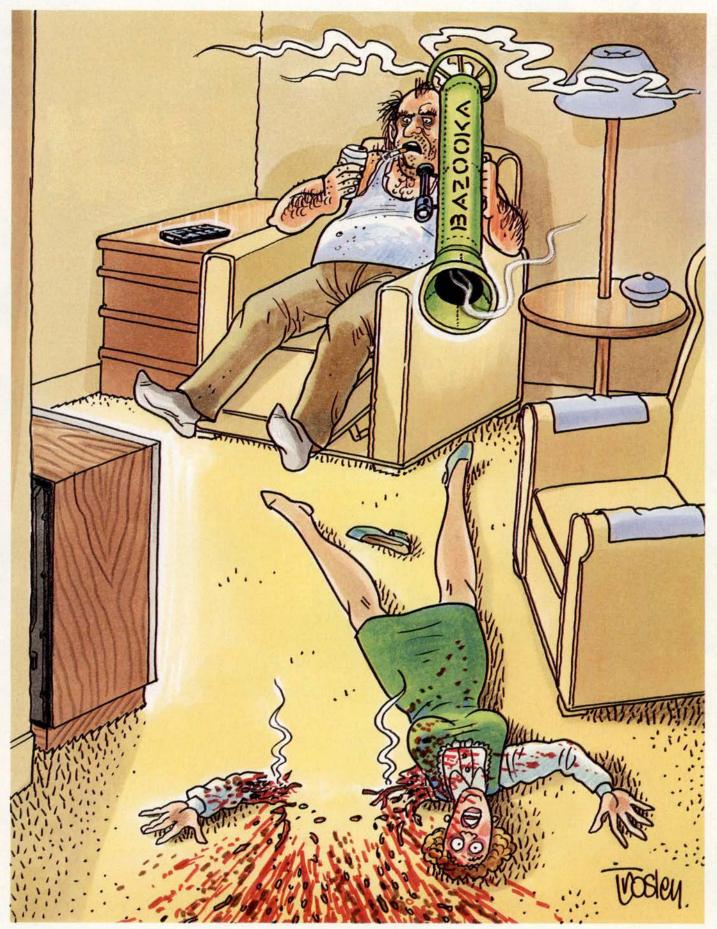
"When I first came up with the idea, I wondered what sort of response I might get." says Sentzer. "I advertised in a few adult magazines, and the level of interest blew me away. I realized that fuck dolls aren't only for sociopathic freaks. I own an inflatable doll. I'm also married. When my wife is on the period, has PMS or is in a bitchy mood, she doesn't mind if I fuck the doll instead of her. Lots of normal guys are doing the same.

"Doll World gave readers a chance to share experiences and photos of some of the most special people in their lives. Based on the enthusiasm generated by such a low-budget, underadvertised publication, I'm sure I barely scratched the surface of the fans of inflatable women."

Mike Washington, one of Sentzer's former subscribers, knows that the world laughs at men who buy blow-up dolls as companions. He doesn't care. "I've gone to hookers and paid big bucks for freaky sex shit my girlfriends wouldn't do," he says. "Dolls are a helluva lot cheaper, and you never have to worry about disease. I can fuck Tricia [Washington's present inflatable girlfriendl up any orifice, tie her to the bed. dress her in leather, and she never bitches or complains. To me, that's true love."

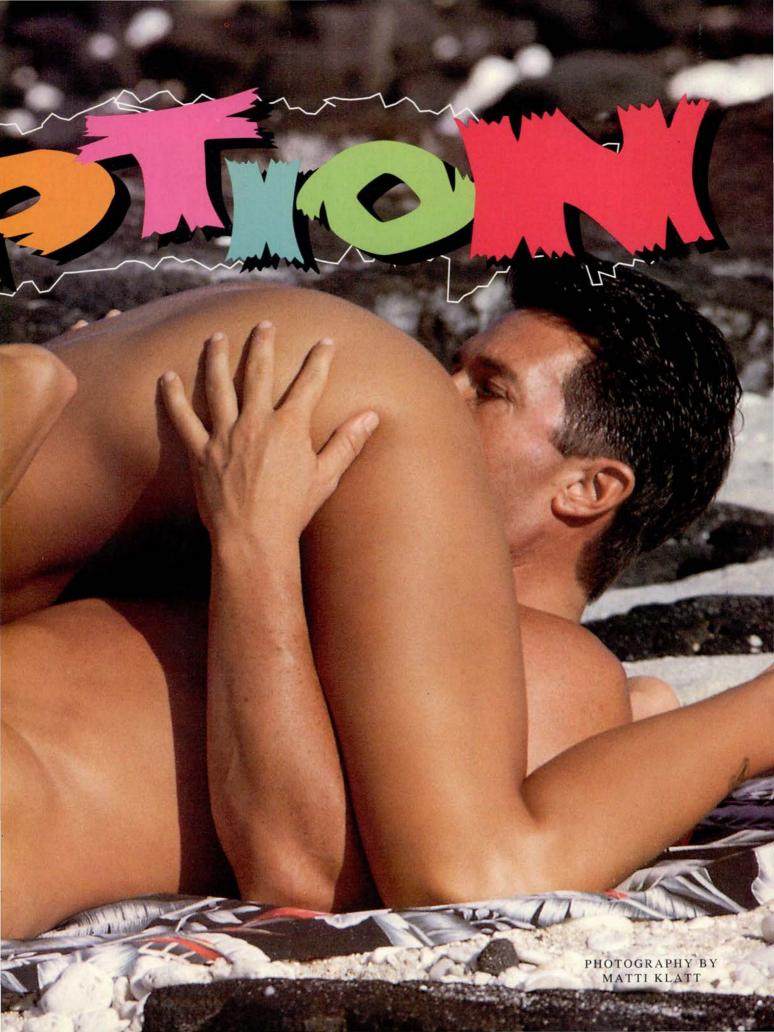


"The hickeys aren't serious. What possessed you to moon a gay parade?"



"I've warned you, Edna: Don't touch the remote!"



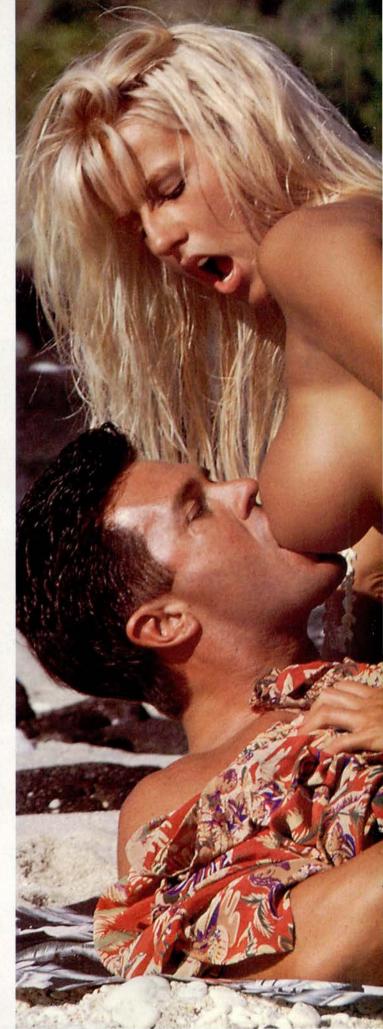










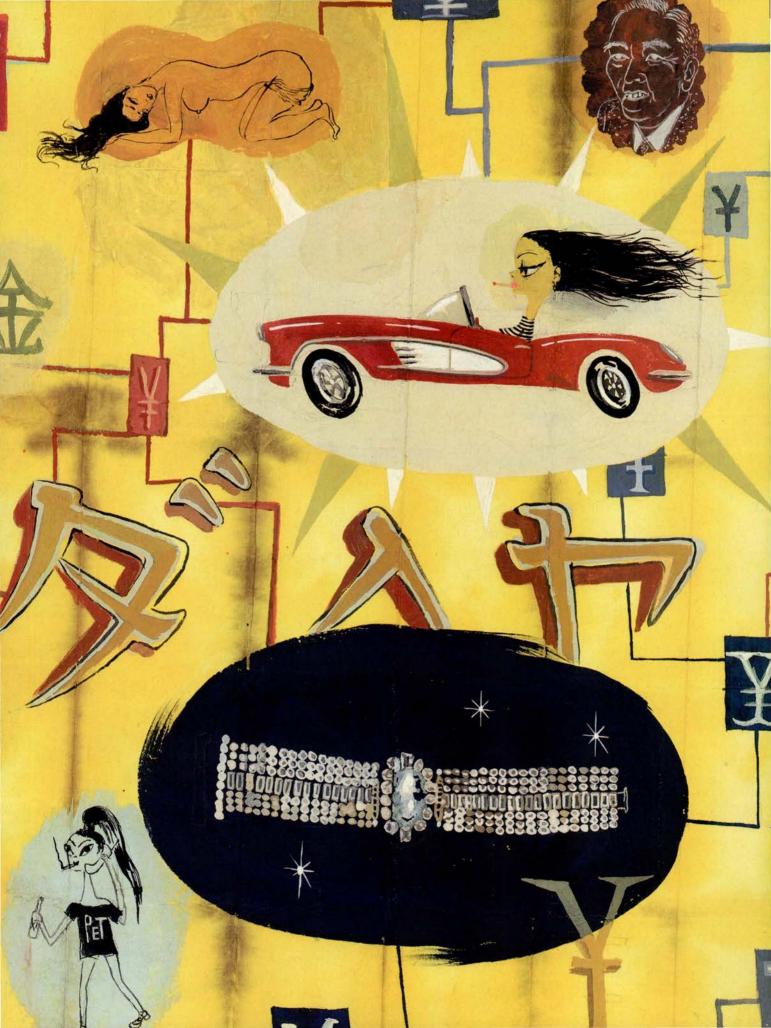














Geisha The geisha has been transmogrified into a last standard-bearer of all things Japanese. As a cultural symbol, she is a virtual goddess; in her traditional role, she seduces and charms.

Another warm and rainy spring evening on the Ginza. Huddled around the raised hood of a Nissan Skylark, four pretty bar hostesses peer with unknowing stares at the hardware within. Behind the wheel, a fifth hostess spits out a stream of Japanese curses before exiting the car to commiserate with her friends. The lights of passing taxis on nightclub-glutted Kikizuka Street illuminate the quintet's frustrated faces, matted hair and sodden Chanel suits. Two of the girls are giggling at another, who angrily stomps her Gucci pumps into the slick pavement.

Suddenly, in unison, their pouty faces turn to watch an unusual spectacle: an ancient-looking man is jogging past, pulling a closed rickshaw down the glistening street. Taxis deferentially pull over to the side, and a huddle of sloshed businessmen gawks at the passing anachronism and its curious cargo: a barely glimpsed, half-imagined geisha—the sanctified demimondaine of Tokyo nightlife and Japanese lore.

"You can hardly breathe in a rickshaw...let alone smoke," huffs Chiyogiku, shifting forward on her sofa to daintily flick an ash. Chiyogiku is herself a geisha, born in the Westernizing world of '60s Japan. "I prefer my Corvette."

Geisha, like kabuki actors and sumo

wrestlers, take bombastic stage names. Translated roughly, *Chiyogiku* means "a universe of chrysanthemums." This thoroughly modern 27-year-old's given name is Amy. She lives in a big, three-room apartment in a ritzy district of Central Tokyo. Her rent is \$8,000, discreetly paid each month by another party. The same party who paid cash for the sleek, red 'Vette parked in her basement garage and the \$21,000 it cost to join the posh health club down the street.

Geisha, literally "persons of the arts," are the royalty of the thousands of women employed in the *mizu shobai*, or "water trade." This watered-down umbrella term denotes Japan's huge bar, restaurant and entertainment industry that caters to the randy after-hours regimens of white-collar businessmen. Every year, the water trade rakes in more money than Nissan, Toyota or any other of Japan's top 20 corporations.

For the moderately successful corporate salaryman, there are cozy hostess bars where young, not-so-coy women flatter, fawn and pour drinks at \$140 a pop. There are also "soap lands," modern brothels where he can get lathered, massaged and laid before the commute home.

Tokyo's power elite retreat to ultraexclusive restaurants called ryotei. Unmarked by any signs, ryotei are accessible only to those with the oldest old-boy connections. A ryotei restaurant rarely prepares its own food. It does supply the traditional ambience of the Japanese inn, copious drinks—and the geisha. This is where leaders of Mitsui Bank or Nippon Steel, Mitsubishi or the ruling Democratic Party take care of the business that keeps the potent Japanese economy churning. Geisha are on hand to decorate, entertain and act as gracious social catalysts.

Unlike the "soap lady" (a bathhouse prostitute) or the alluring but all-talk bar hostess, a geisha exudes a refined air of respectability. She is as accomplished in traditional art forms (classical music, flower arrangement, calligraphy) as in banter and flirtation. Sex is not part of the geisha repertoire—unless a well-heeled gent is ready and able to underwrite her lavish upkeep until death do they part.

The roots of the geisha profession go back to the 1600s, when the painted ladies were an opening act for notorious courtesans of the swankest brothels. While a customer waited on deck, geisha would sing, dance and make witty conversation. Centuries later, as Japan felt the puritanical winds of foreign influence, the status of the courtesan sank-and the geisha became preeminent. By the end of the 19th century, Tokyo's geisha were both trendsetters in fashion and a behind-thescenes force in politics. Today, faced with the near-total acceptance of Western attitudes and lifestyles, the geisha has been transmogrified into a last standard-bearer of all things Japanese. As a cultural symbol, she is a virtual goddess; in her traditional role, she seduces and charms.

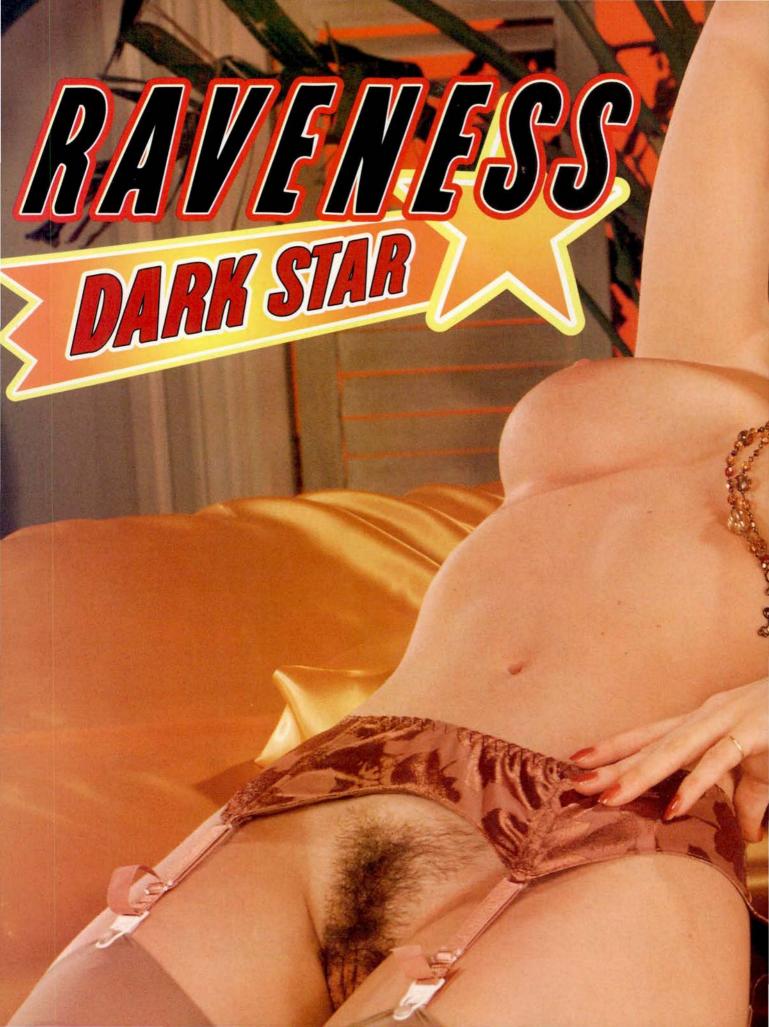
Inside Chiyogiku's apartment, a huge, blotchy, yellow-and-blue Warhol print of Mick Jagger hangs above a 30-inch Sony Trinitron television that is connected to a satellite dish on her tiny balcony. The two chairs and sofa in her living room are upholstered in thick, black leather. Stacked against the wall is the latest Pioneer stereo rig, blasting away an old Van Halen CD.

Chiyogiku's physique also blasts away any Western preconception of the Japanese geisha doll: At 5-8, she's a striking example of the post-war, chair-sitting, Big Mac-eating generation of tall Japanese. Her long legs disappear into the hem of a plain white T-shirt—which hangs just below her gray Calvin Klein panties. Even in this nontraditional ensemble, Chiyogiku walks with a graceful haughtiness and cracks open a Sapporo tallboy with élan.

(continued on page 68)



















(continued from page 60)

Geisha Supported by a fabulously wealthy man, Chiyogiku is financially secure for life. She is also sexually frustrated—an acknowledged downside to the geisha biz.

Her sugar daddy is 57 years old and a major player in one of the gigantic Tokyo brokerage houses. Supported by a fabulously wealthy man, Chiyogiku is financially secure for life. She is also sexually frustrated-an acknowledged downside to the geisha biz. Her danna, or patron, is usually busy with work or spending time with his wife and family in a tony suburb. When Mr. Big does come around, Chiyogiku admits with a heckle, they do nothing more than "pet."

Chiyogiku's well-kept secret is her real-life lover. He is Masa, a dapper young executive who is in charge of "image manufacturing" for a record company. "Once you get near a real geisha, you want one for yourself," Masa says. "Rich old men can spend millions of yen just to spend a few hours with a geisha. I had to drop quite a bundle myself to get acquainted with Chiyo. I don't know how much longer I could've kept it up." Masa glances in Chiyo's direction, sees her long, sinewy frame draped all over the black couch and adds, "The money, I mean."

Jammed in afternoon traffic in the heart of Tokyo's choicest shopping district, Chiyogiku's cigarette smoke fogs the Corvette's interior. She's wearing black, wire-framed Armani sunglasses and sliding Guns 'n' Roses into the CD slot.

"I still take my dance lessons every morning, or I'd get a bad reputation," she says while chewing ice from a plastic cup. "But do you think these drunk old men are interested in samisen and fan dancing? They'd rather play some stupid drinking game where the geisha have to lift their kimonos. They know we don't wear underwear."

Though the practice is virtually unheard-of in Japan, Chiyogiku doubleparks the 'Vette, then dashes into the dry cleaners to pick up her fresh kimonos and pay the \$700 tab. Gingerly, she places the three garments-worth \$20,000-in the trunk of the car.

"I knew all about the Nomura scandal before it hit the press," Chiyogiku smiles, referring to the 1991 revelations that the world's largest brokerage house, Nomura Securities, had manipulated a stock on behalf of a well-known Yakuza boss and improperly compensated its most treasured clients for market losses. The scandal humiliated several industry moguls and damaged the reputation of Japanese banking. "But that's nothing. I've always worked with the most powerful men in Tokyo. Everything is corrupt—100%. That's how things are done here.

"Even I feel corrupt," she adds.

Satoyoshi Fukumura admits that he has always been into the Western lifestyle. In his Tokyo youth, Fukumura cruised to high school in a cherry-red Mercury and wore alligator loafers with his school uniform. He slicked his hair with Brylcreem and lit his Lucky Strikes with a silver Zippo.

Fukumura rode the wave of Japan's economic boom, banking his first million at age 32. Now 51, he still considers himself a playboy. Richly tanned, Fukumura owns a 48-foot yacht, a Jaguar, a Cadillac and property all over the Tokyo area. Divorced, he dates a tall, lean, 28-year-old ex-model.

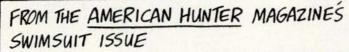
Fukumura's business is brokering Tokyo and Yokohama commercial real estate. Though the market is by all measures going through a flat phase, the guy seems to be printing his own yen. But pushing a slow-moving, cautious Japanese executive to commit to a multimillion dollar purchase isn't easy; it's a slow, ritual dance. To close a simple deal, Fukumura might impress a buyer at one of his favorite \$250-a-drink Ginza hostess clubs. He might even get the guy serviced by an amenable, blond and buxom Swede. But when this consummately Westernized Japanese man of the '90s wants to put away a blockbuster, he goes native.

He calls Makie. A former geisha, Makie has operated her own ryotei in Tokyo's Kagurazaka district for 15 years. At 45, she is young for a madam. Her face is fleshy and attractive, like an Asian Sophia Lauren. As she speaks on the phone with Fukumura, Makie pulls a pack of Mild Seven cigarettes from the sleeve of her moss-green kimono. Before she hangs up, she has already decided what mix of geisha would be right for the often rowdy Fukumura's eight-course, \$5,000 blowout. She will call on Michiko, Rinya, Akae and Maiko, whom she refers to as "those sumo freaks."

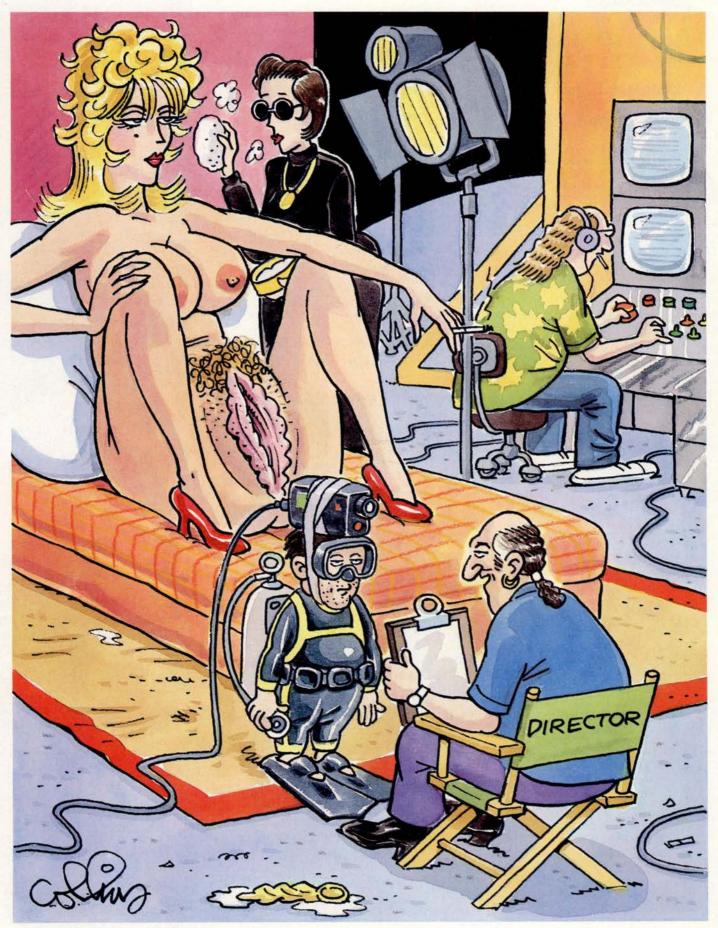
Thwack!

Kotonowaka's right meat hook slams against the fat head of Daishoyama, sending the short, quarter-ton sumo reeling backward. The 6-4, 350-pound Kotonowaka stalks the dizzy butterball across the packed dirt of the ring. With his straight nose and strong jaw, Kotonowaka is Hollywood handsome and strong as an NFL lineman. He digs his fingers into Daishoyama's thick, silk belt and heaves the wide body out of the ring for the victory.

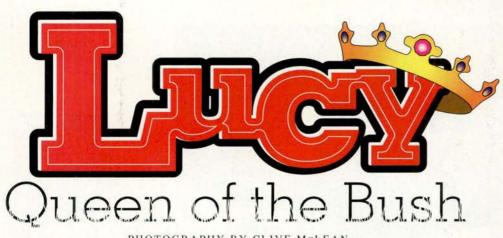
(continued on page 106)







"Lenny, you and I are going to make porn history today!"



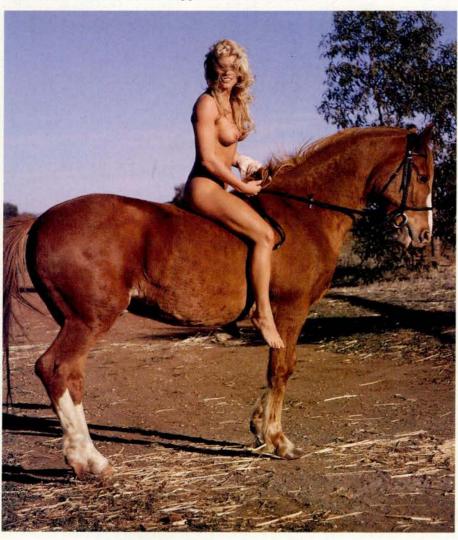
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

"G'day, mate!" calls Lucy, as she welcomes us to her ranch. As Miss Nude Australia for 1996, Lucy's life has become a whirlwind of glamour, travel and fame. "Deep down, I'm just a regular Sheila," the country-fresh maiden insists, "born and raised in the outback." She loves to warm her milk-smooth skin in the southern sun and feel her nipples

stiffen in the clean breeze.

"No matter how famous I get, I'll always love the natural pleasures best—getting dirty, running wild, working up a sweat." Lucy sighs and stretches back to part the golden bush curled between her lean thighs.

It may be winter up here, but it's always hot down under.



MISS NUDE AUSTRALIA 1996





























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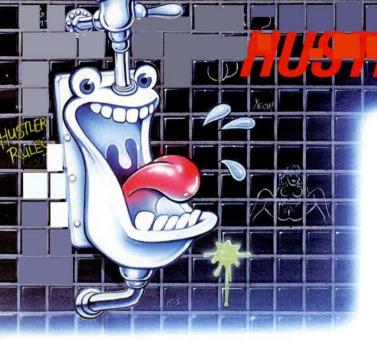
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Harry was startled when he looked in the mirror one morning and saw a small penis growing from his forehead. Panicked, he wasted no time getting to a doctor.

"You're suffering from a rare penile tumor," his doctor told him. "It won't grow too much larger."

"Can't you cut it off?" exclaimed Harry.

"Unfortunately," the doctor explained, "if we remove it, another one will grow back even bigger."

"How will I ever be able to get up in the morning and face myself in the mirror?"

"Don't worry," reassured the doctor. "Soon you'll have a testicle hanging over each eye, and you won't be able to see a thing."

Q uestion: What's the difference between Courtney Love and a hockey team?

Answer: A hockey team showers after three periods.

A big redneck trucker ambled into a bar and ordered a beer. "Ahh, it's good to be in a town with no goddamn faggots," the trucker declared, swilling his brew.

The crisply groomed young man on the stool next to him turned. "I hate to rain on your parade, fella, but I happen to be a 'goddamn faggot.'"

"You goddamn, pansy-assed, cocksucking homo," the trucker cursed. "I hope you die from AIDS!"

"Tell you what, big guy," the young man hissed. "Why don't we take it outside?"

The young man stood up, took several ice cubes from the bar and led the trucker outside.

Five minutes later, the trucker returned to his bar stool and peacefully sipped his beer. The young man followed, not a bruise or a mark on his slender body.

"Hey, boy?" the bartender asked. "How come that trucker didn't kick your ass?"

The young man spat out several ice cubes mixed with lumpy wads of jizz. "Kick my ass?" he lisped. "I coldcocked him before he ever got a chance."

uestion: What do alcohol and garbage bags have in common?

Answer: They both make trash look more attractive.

Exactly how hard did you strike the plaintiff?" asked the prosecutor in his cross-exam of the burly defendant who was on trial for assault.

"Not hard," answered the defendant.

"Not hard?" the prosecutor repeated, smiling sarcastically at the jury. "Perhaps you'd care to demonstrate how you struck the plaintiff."

With a nod from the judge, the huge defendant squeezed out from the witness stand and ambled over to the prosecutor.

The prosecutor stood, jutting his chin high in the air. "Hit me so the jury can see exactly how hard you struck the plaintiff," sneered the prosecutor.

The defendant wound up and socked the prosecutor so hard, the lawyer flew off his feet, tumbled over and landed in a broken heap before the jury box.

The defendant turned to the jury and explained, "I hit the guy about one-tenth that hard."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines wedding as: a ceremony that turns a dream boat into a barge.

A drunk staggered up to a beat cop, holding a key out as if he were about to stick it into a lock. "Officer, you gotta help me!" the drunk stammered.

"What's the problem, pal?" asked the cop.

"Somebody stole my car," slurred the drunk, waving his key in the air. "Right as I'm getting in, zip! They stole it from under my nose!"

"How the hell do you expect me to believe your story?" The cop grimaced. "You stink like a distillery. Your clothes are filthy, and your dick is hanging out of your pants."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed the drunk, looking down in horror at his wang. "They stole my girlfriend too!"

Question: What animal has an asshole located in the middle of its back?

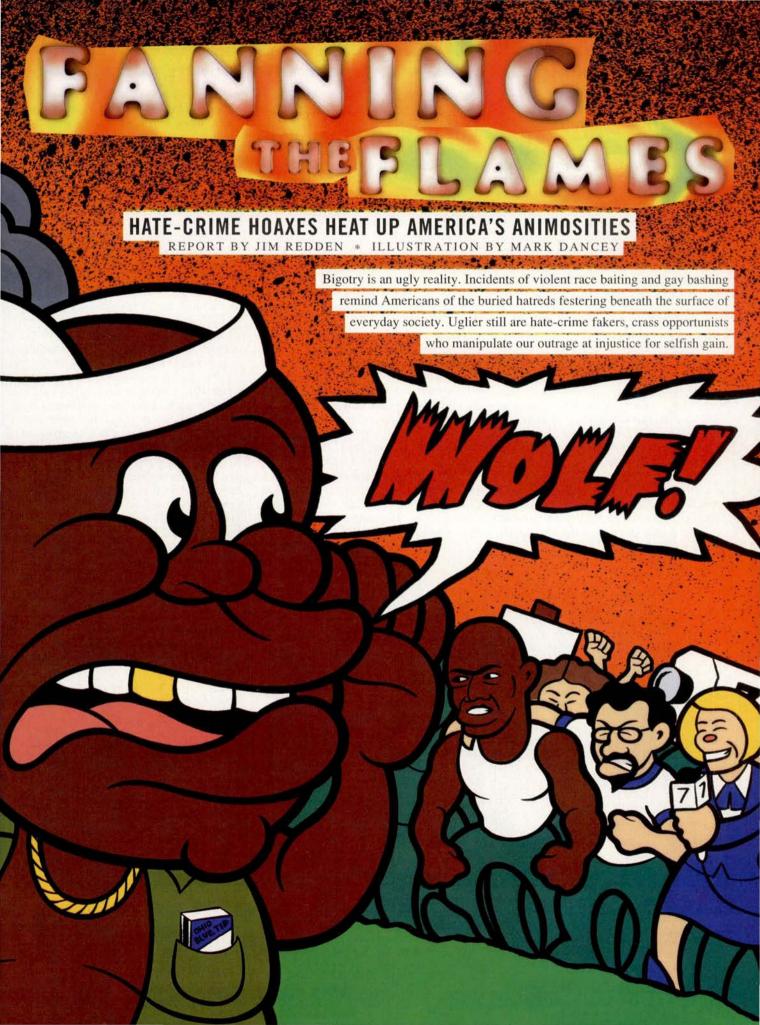
Answer: A police horse.

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"Please come back, Petey! I promise not to beat you anymore!"





Hate Crimes Brawley claimed she had been kidnapped, held prisoner, repeatedly raped, smeared with dog feces, placed in a plastic garbage bag and marked with racial slurs by white police officers.

The brutal attack shocked the quiet town of Fargo, North Dakota—and the race angle made the story national news.

On October 23, 1995, the Fargo fire department responded to a blaze at the Kabob House, a Middle Eastern restaurant owned by an Iranian couple. Just outside the burning building, firefighters found co-owner Zhaleh Sarabakhsh lying with her mouth, wrists and ankles bound with tape and a crude swastika carved in her stomach. Sarabakhsh claimed that being left to die in the burning building was the latest in a string of racist assaults against her that included a swastika and threatening letter left outside the restaurant door, followed by fake fingers and ears sent to her through the mail.

Fargo residents responded to the attempted murder and arson with outrage. The night after the fire, nearly 1,000 people gathered for a march against bigotry. A second rally drew 200 people. Thousands of dollars were donated to help rebuild the restaurant. The story made the wire services, drawing sympathy and support from around the country for the besieged family.

On Thursday, November 2, the town received a second, greater shock: The Fargo police arrested Sarabakhsh for faking the assault and setting the fire herself.

They accused her of faking the previous incidents at her restaurant. Sarabakhsh was arraigned the next day on charges of arson, arson for insurance, endangerment and making a false police report. Bail was set at \$100,000. The charges carry maximum sentences of 31 years in prison.

Several clues pointed to Sarabakhsh, said U.S. Attorney John Schneider. "Things like the extent of the fire where Ms. Sarabakhsh was," he noted, adding that the tape wrapped around her wrists was looser than the tape on her mouth and ankles. Police also concluded that Sarabakhsh carved the marks on her stomach herself. "The slash marks started deeper than they intended to be, and she appeared to lose her force, and the marks became scratches," Schneider said.

In addition, two spools of black tape, four empty gallon jugs and a pair of rubber gloves used in setting the fire were traced back to a store where Sarabakhsh had purchased them the day prior to the arson.

The residents of Fargo and citizens nationwide, taken in by Sarabakhsh's story of racist harassment, were ripe for the con. In recent years, Americans have been conditioned to expect such crimes in their communities. The media has proclaimed that an epidemic of hate crimes is sweep-

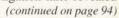
ing the nation. "It has become nearly impossible to keep track of the shocking rise in brutal attacks directed against individuals because they are black, Latino, Asian, white disabled, women or gay, write Jack Levin and Jack McDevitt, professors at Northeastern University, in Boston, Massachusetts, in the preface to their 1993 book, Hate Crimes: The Rising Tide of Bloodshed and Bigotry. "Almost daily, newspapers report new and even more grotesque abominations. These 'hate crimes' have become a growing threat to the well-being of our societyon the college campus, in the workplace and around our neighborhoods. As ugly as this situation is now, it is likely to worsen throughout the remainder of the decade...as the forces of bigotry continue to gain momentum."

Though no reasonable commentator would deny racism's enduring presence in America, not everyone agrees that the country is being overwhelmed by a hatebased crime wave. Laird Wilcox, coauthor of the 1992 book Nazis, Communists, Klansmen and Others on the Fringe, notes that less than one-half of 1% of all crimes committed in this country are directed against minorities because they are minorities. The Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) reports that more than 14 million crimes were committed in 1994, the most recent year for which such figures are available. Of that total, only 5,852 were classified as hate crimes.

"You've got to put the whole issue of hate crimes in perspective," says Wilcox. "Hate crimes are a relatively small matter when it comes to criminal activity."

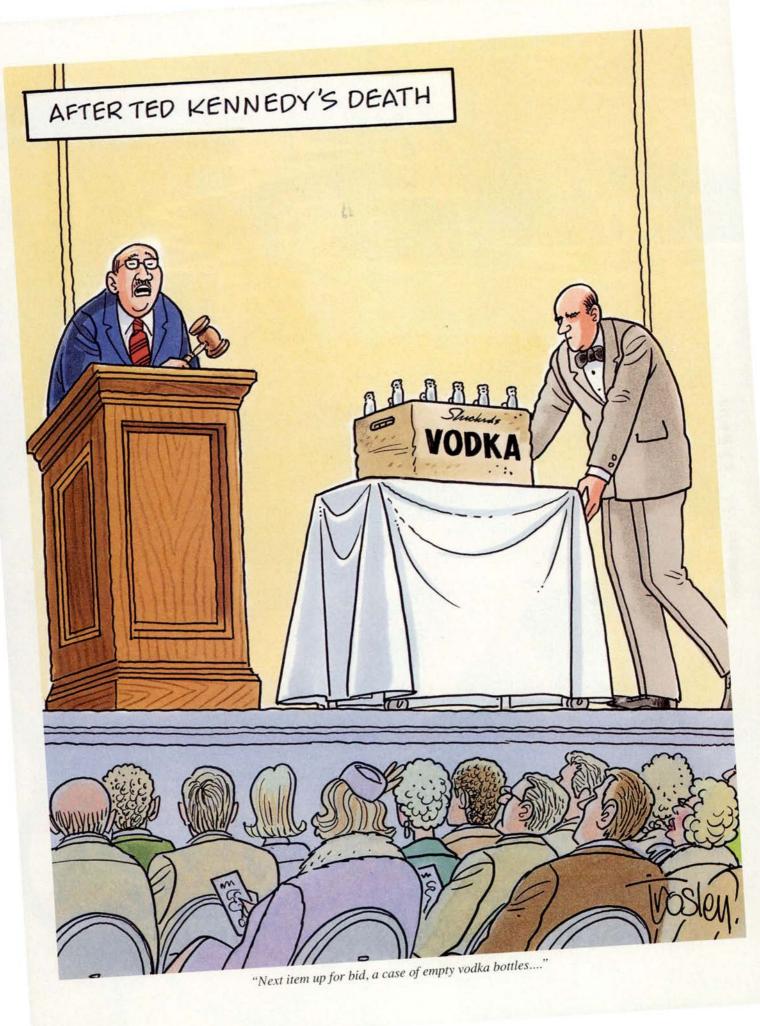
In addition, Wilcox is convinced that a large percentage of all reported hate crimes are as fake as the Zhaleh Sarabakhsh case. He has already cataloged approximately 500 cases of hate crimes that have proved to be hoaxes. The results of his research are published in two booklets, *The Hoaxer Project Report* (1990) and *Crying Wolf: Hate Crime Hoaxes in America* (1995). These works present case studies of dozens of fake hate crimes, documented primarily by newspaper stories revealing the actual perpetrators.

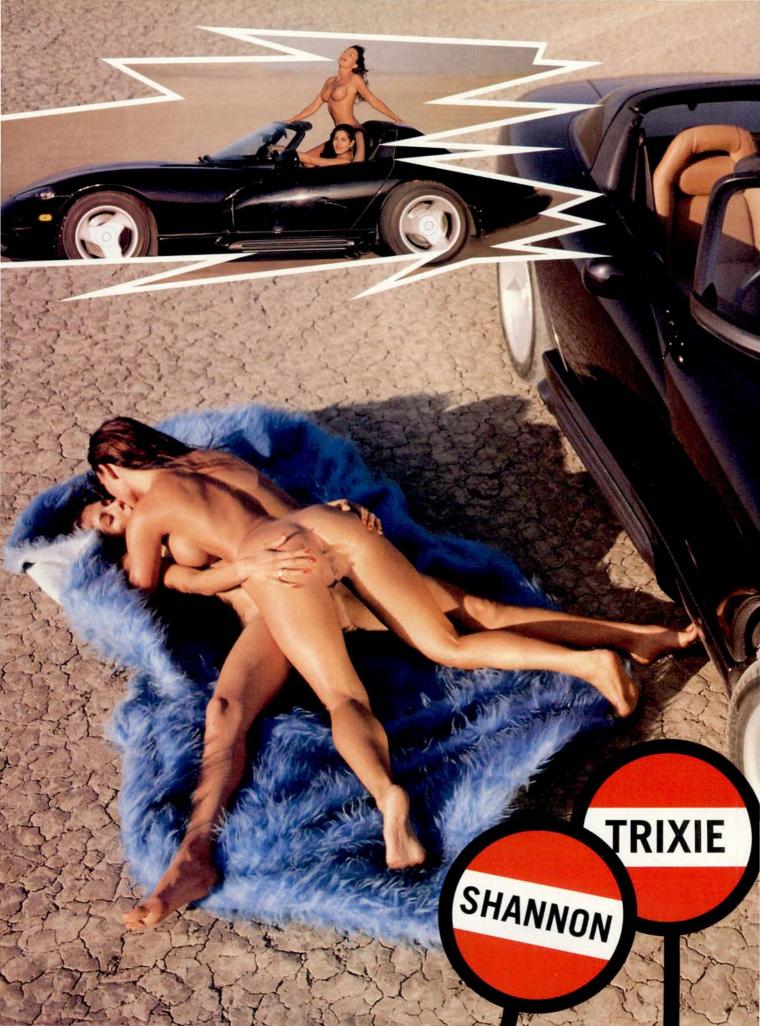
• In November 1987, a black New York teenager named Tawana Brawley claimed she had been kidnapped, held prisoner, repeatedly raped, smeared with dog feces, placed in a plastic garbage bag and marked with racial slurs by three white police officers. The case generated national headlines and sent ripples of horror and outrage throughout the African-American community. A police investigation later revealed

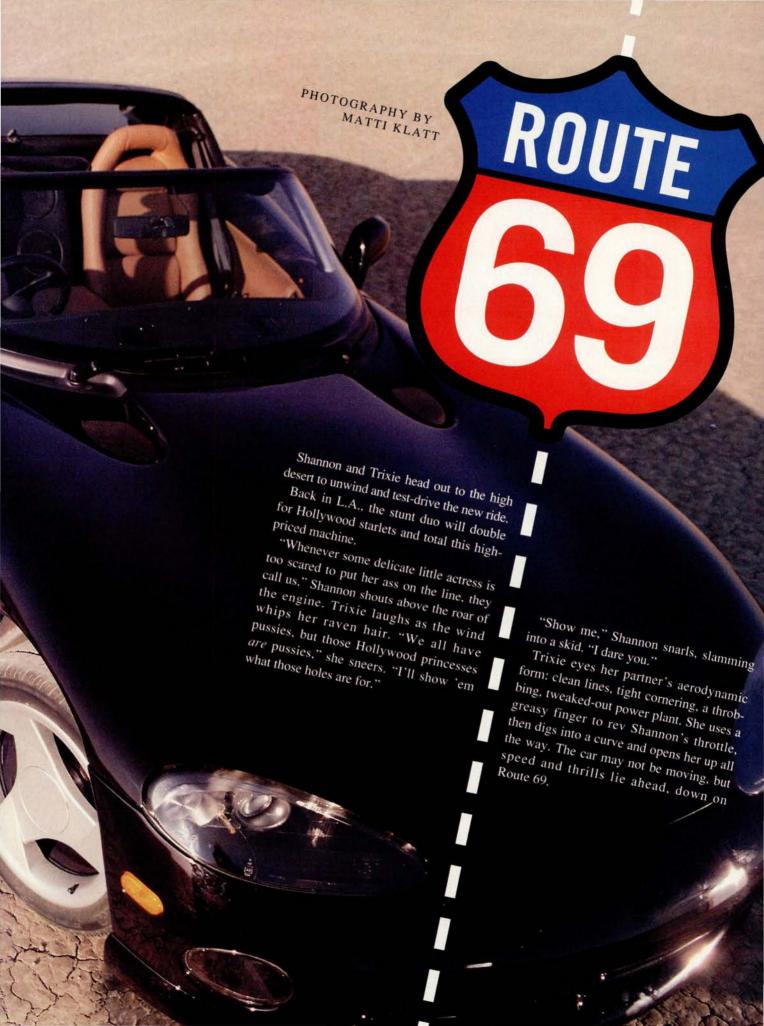




"I can't come to the phone right now!"













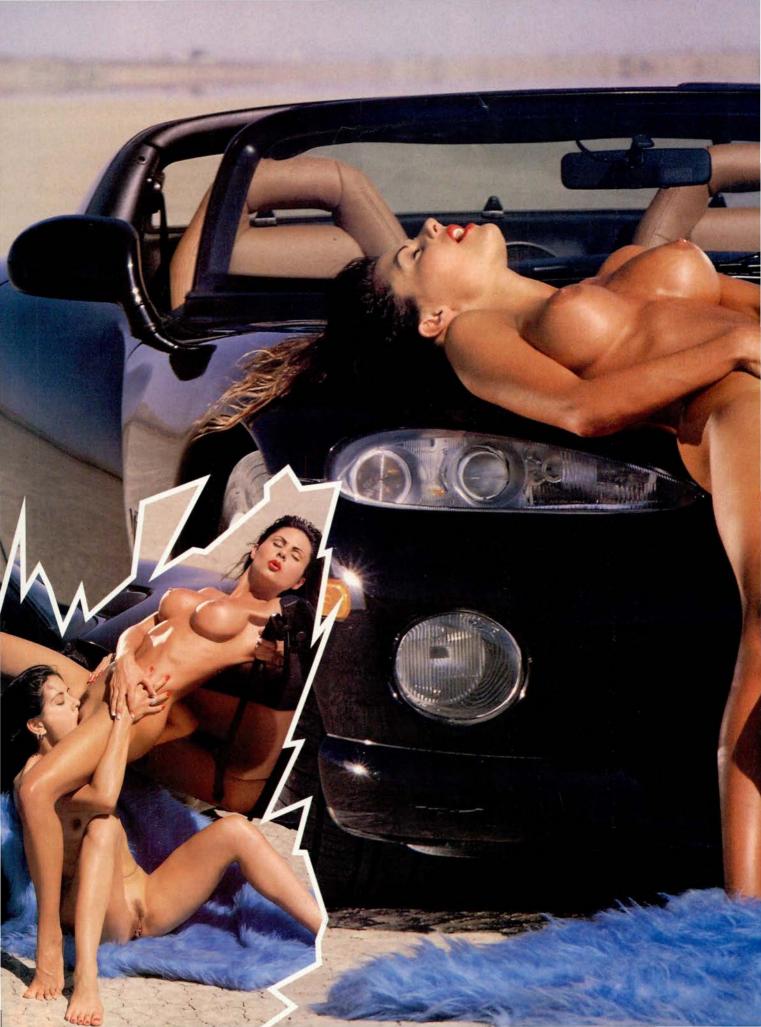














Hate Crimes In 1989, former television talk-show host Morton Downey Jr. claimed that skinheads drew a swastika on his face, cut a small swatch from his scalp and gave the Sieg Heil salute.

that Brawley had been seen by friends when the incident was allegedly taking place and had apparently spent the duration of her "kidnapping" in an apartment previously rented by her family.

· In October 1988, Quentin Banks, a black student at Northwestern Missouri University, in Maryville, reported to university officials that he had been the victim of a "racially motivated" assault and death threat. After this report, Banks became a campus hero for withstanding his "victimization." School officials encouraged Banks to talk to freshmen classes about his alleged experiences and, according to university President Dean Hubbard, the student "became the center of much attention." The case unraveled a month later when Banks broke down and admitted to law enforcement that he had made up the entire story. He was suspended from school for two years.

· In November 1988, students at State University of New York were shocked to find anti-Semitic slogans spray-painted inside the door of the Jewish Student Union. The slogans, "Kill Kikes" and "Zionazi Racists," appeared the day after the 50th anniversary of Kristallnacht, the night Nazis terrorized Jews in Germany by smashing in their store windows. The incident was widely publicized and gripped the campus. In September 1989, the police arrested James Oppenheim, former president of the Jewish Student Union, and charged him with the crime. The local newspaper quoted police investigators as saying, "Oppenheim was trying to broaden recognition of anti-Semitism following a mediocre showing at a memorial to victims of the Nazi Kristallnacht....'

· In May 1989, former television talkshow host Morton Downey Jr. claimed that he had been attacked by three neo-Nazi skinheads in a men's room at the San Francisco International Airport. Downey charged that the skinheads pinned him against a toilet stall, drew a swastika on his face, cut a small swatch from his scalp and gave the Sieg Heil salute. Airport security didn't buy his story. No one near the rest room had seen anything unusual at the time of the alleged attack. Downey later admitted the hoax was a publicity event designed to boost ratings for his struggling TV show.

· In April 1990, a black freshman at Emory University claimed she had been the victim of racist threats in her school dormitory. Sabrina Collins reported she had discovered the phrases "Hang Nigger" and "Die, Nigger, Die" written under a rug in her closet and scrawled on tampons in a drawer. She also claimed to have received

two letters threatening to lynch her. The incident inspired a march by 700 students and a sit-in at the administration office demanding a "crackdown on campus racism." The local police eventually came to suspect Collins herself, however, after determining that the threatening letter had a grammatical error that she commonly made, that it had been typed on the kind of typewriter found at her place of employment and that it had no fingerprints on it but hers. The county prosecutor eventually decided against pursuing charges against Collins, claiming that she needed "counseling and treatment, not prosecution."

· From May to October 1992, a wheelchair-bound, black lesbian in Portland, Oregon, reported numerous racist attacks. Azalea Cooley allegedly received numerous death threats, and her house was painted with neo-Nazi graffiti. As the ordeal progressed, Cooley turned to local antiracist organizations for support. She also took her case to the local news media, which ran several stories about the threats and vandalism. On November 1, Cooley led a Take a Stand Against Hate march through her neighborhood. That very morning, someone set fire to a cross on her front yard. Unbeknown to Cooley, a police camera recorded the incident. The tape revealed that the cross was planted and set on fire by someone from inside the house. A few days later, Cooley admitted faking all the alleged hate crimes.

· In August 1994, a fire partially destroyed a home in the small, coastal town of Reedsport, Oregon. The three occupants, all Jewish, claimed that they had been the victims of dozens of hate crimes leading up to the fire, including anti-Semitic phone calls and threatening notes slid under their door. The town was aghast that such racism could fester in their small, tight-knit community.

In June 1995, the FBI arrested the three alleged victims and charged them with setting the fire to collect \$85,000 in insurance. A police surveillance camera had captured the trio moving personal belongings out of the house just before it caught fire.

Jack Levin, coauthor of the book Hate Crimes, argues that Wilcox's evidence is purely anecdotal and could be used by racists and the right wing to deny the real dangers faced by minorities. "Hate crimes are vastly underestimated, not overestimated," says Levin, a professor of sociology and criminology. "Lots of people are victimized and won't go to the police—especially recent immigrants who come from countries where the

(continued on page 100)





"What do you expect? The fat son of a bitch sent our jobs to Mexico!"





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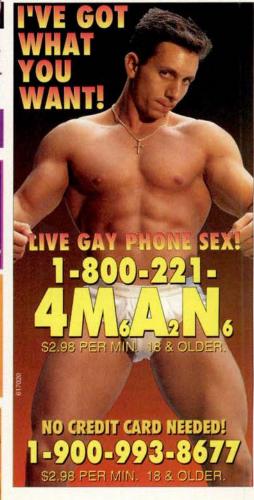
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Hate Crimes "It's no great surprise that a bright, socially conscious individual would realize...that there's nothing like some racist graffiti or some other 'hate crime' to invigorate the militants."

police are the oppressors."

Levin does concede that fake hate crimes are a reality. "Of course there are fakes," Levin says, "but the truth is, there are fake crimes, period. There are fake robberies, fake reports of sex abusethere's fakery surrounding every law. I think it's disgusting, but there are people who are unethical and will fake crimes to benefit from them."

By gathering data about fake hate crimes in particular, Wilcox is attempting to foster a "healthy skepticism" about claims for which no hard evidence of a hate motive exists. His goals are to check "the harm done by 'righteous indignation,' fanaticism and vengefulness in the pursuit of 'justice'" and to combat the notion propounded by hate-crime alarmists that America is a bigoted, hateful nation.

"Antiracism has become a small industry in the United States," Wilcox writes in Crying Wolf. "Entire career fields are built around defining and combating racism.... It's no great surprise that a bright, socially conscious individual would realize...that there's nothing like some racist graffiti or some other 'hate crime' to invigorate the militants."

John Henrickson, a reporter with the Statesman-Journal newspaper, in Salem,

Oregon, is concerned about the role of the media in promoting and, in some cases, creating hate crimes. "We're in an atmosphere where everyone is hypersensitive," Henrickson says. "With gay rights, we've got a group of activists who are looking for any example to prove [hate crimes] exist. Because of the atmosphere, any potential hate crime becomes a big story. But we have unwittingly been a lot less questioning of the facts of certain cases when the words 'hate crime' come up."

Henrickson's concerns were illustrated in December 1995, when two lesbians in Medford, Oregon, were kidnapped and murdered by a serial killer. Before the bodies were discovered, various gayrights activists charged that the women were murdered because of their sexual orientation. In the days before the suspected killer was arrested, the national media descended on Medford and began playing up the hate-crime angle. Even after the alleged killer was arrested, and he confessed to several other murders, none having to do with the sexual orientation of the victim, the media continued to pursue the antigay motive.

Henrickson wrote a Statesman-Journal article criticizing the political games being played with the story. "The Medford case looks as if it will join a growing list of high-profile Oregon cases where the facts just didn't add up to the accusations of hate crimes against gays," he wrote. "The coverage of the deaths and other [coverage] like it shows that the press-motivated by politics or journalistic glory—is all too eager to jump to conclusions.

A second Oregon case illustrates Henrickson's point. In September of last year, Carl Riege, who is gay, was attacked by three men while walking home from a bar in downtown Portland. The Oregonian slugged a story about the beating, in which Riege lost an eye, "A Gay Victim's Anguish" and reported that the attackers shouted slurs as they beat Riege down with a blunt, metal object. The article proceeded to examine the possibilities of a rise in the incidence of gay bashing.

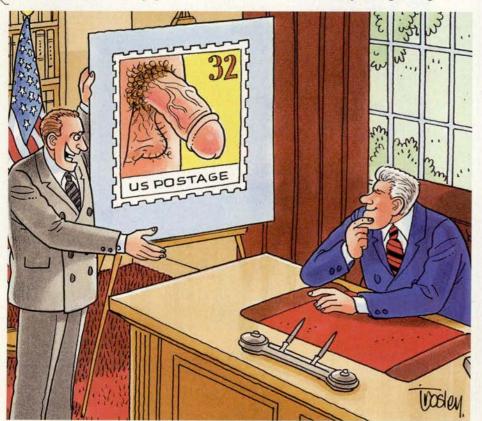
In fact, Riege denies that any slurs were shouted during the assault and is skeptical that his assailants were gay bashers. "It seems to me, if it was a gay bashing, they'd make a big ruckus about it," says Riege. "You're sneaky when you're a thief and loudmouthed when you're a bigot."

Despite the lack of any proof that Riege's beating was a hate crime and Riege's own reluctance to call it gay bashing, the community responded to the article with alarm and indignation. Eden Fonvielle organized a benefit for Riege, advertising the event as a fund-raiser for a victim of antigay violence. "Frankly, I don't really care what it was," she said of the motive behind the beating. "The fact that it happened made me very angry.... I didn't think it was any great error or sin to say it was a gay bashing on some of the fliers."

Wilcox, who has made a career of studying political extremists, thinks certain members of the media will slant a story to the hate angle for political reasons as well as for obvious emotional punch. "[The media] is hypersensitive to the issue of racism," he says. "A lot of media types are sympathetic with the civil-rights movement, and they don't agree with the goals of the right wing. That's not a bad thing, but it makes it tempting for the media to pile on people they disagree with."

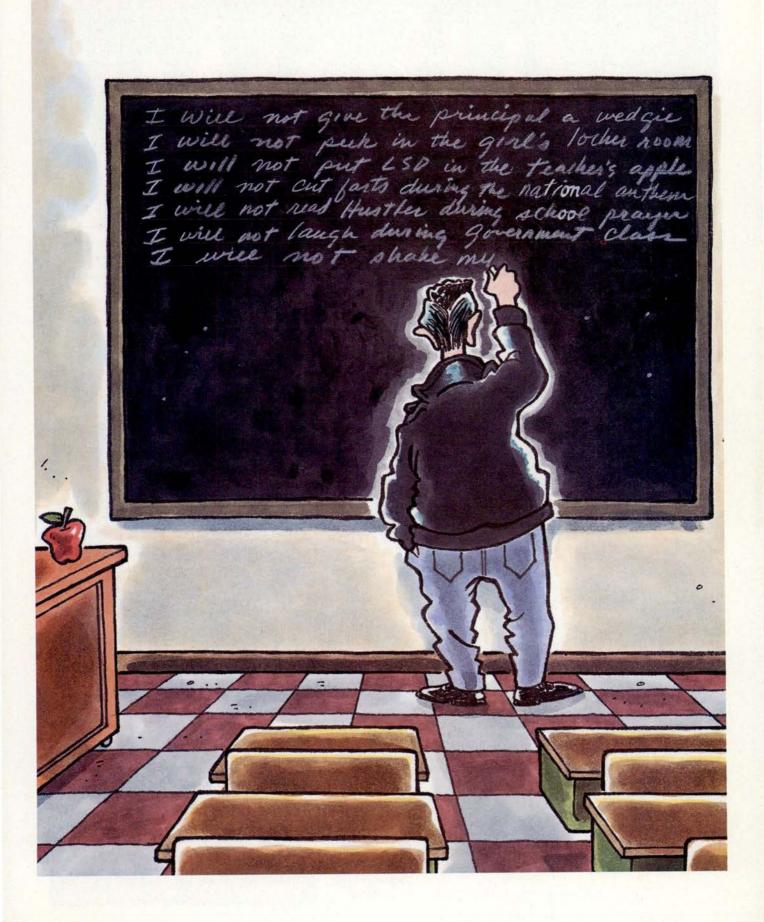
Wilcox also accuses "unscrupulous" civil-rights organizations of manipulating hate-crime statistics to suit their own political purposes. He points to a 1993 report released by the Portland-based Lesbian Community Project (LCP) claiming that the number of hate crimes committed in the state of Oregon was soaring out of control. The report counted "608 distinct incidents of homophobic violence"-more instances than occurred in any other part

(continued on page 118)



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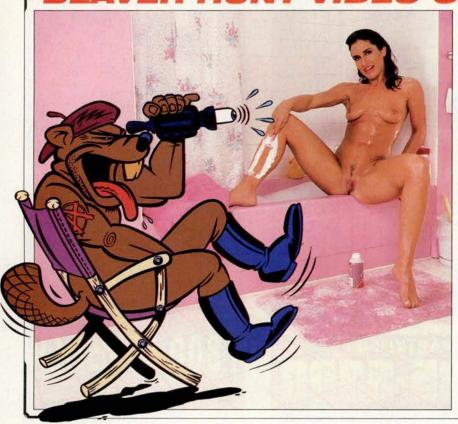






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(continued from page 68) Geisha Fukumura loosens things up with gossip about a well-known politician and the wife of a

yakuza boss. As the conversation turns to baseball, the rice-paper shoji screen slides open, and the geisha enter.

Maiko, a 22-year-old geisha with full, luscious lips, has a crush on Kotonowaka and never misses televised sumo highlights in which he might be featured. As she stares at the TV screen, her samisen, a three-stringed, banjolike instrument with a distinctively Japanese twang, sits in her lap. Maiko is supposed to be practicing for Fukumura's fete, but can't keep her mind off Kotonowaka's biceps. Her long, black hair-still wet-has been combed away from her heart-shaped face, longlashed, almond eyes and tiny nose. In the downtime before work, Maiko lounges in a thick, white terry-cloth bathrobe.

Maiko doesn't know who her father is and doesn't give a damn. Her aunt, an exgeisha, helped her begin training when Maiko left school at 15. Most geisha are the daughters of geisha; they rarely have contact with their fathers, who are usually men with family in another part of the city. The geisha world is a woman's world, a female-dominated enclave posted inside the salons of power. As a rule, a geisha doesn't repeat what she hears on duty. But with her knowledge of backroom dealings, she wields information that could topple governments.

Another unspoken rule is that geisha don't marry. "I cannot imagine wanting marriage," says Makie, a fiercely independent businesswoman.

Nevertheless, men and their money are the center around which the geisha world revolves. "I'd like to meet a nice rich guy," insists a perky Maiko, "I don't care if he's old." What about her studly hero, Kotonowaka? "He's gorgeous, but I don't think sumo make the really nice money."

Fukumura's deal of the day involves a 15-acre plot of land which sits next to a vast waterfront development project (one strongly backed by the four-term governor of Tokyo). Fukumura stands to pocket \$1 million for what has amounted to two drinking sessions and two dinners with the prospective buyer.

The interested party has commissioned several experts to examine the land, all of whom have declared it suitable for development. A well-orchestrated evening of good cheer should seal the deal for Fukumura. Everything—the setting, the food and drink, the attending geishamust be perfect.

Jasmine incense wafts from the cor-

ner of the small, tatami-matted party room. In a softly lit alcove, above and beyond Fukumura's place setting, a single, white moonflower shines from a bamboo vase. Behind the flower hangs a scroll that has been brushed by a master calligrapher with the Chinese characters for joy and peace. The earthy smell of the straw tatami mats, the ikebana flower display—the ambience of the traditional Japanese home.

A genuine feeling of male bonding pervades. Dapper in their expensive Saville Row suits, Fukumura's marks can't help but revel in their Japaneseness. Fukumura loosens things up with gossip about a well-known politician and the wife of a yakuza boss. As the conversation turns (inevitably) to baseball, the ricepaper shoji screen slides open, and the geisha enter.

These are not the same four slightly bawdy girls who were screaming and chugging beer at a sumo stadium a few days earlier. In their rustling kimonos and meticulously styled hair, they embody ideal Japanese beauty. The geisha are respectful yet frivolous, subservient yet

(continued on page 118)



Alex, 22, is an entertainer from Fresno, California. She likes dancing, gambling and shopping and fantasizes about entertaining an audience by getting off two guys at once. How many can join in the shower after the show?

Photo by Friend

Paige is a 20-year-old entertainer from Jackson, Mississippi. She likes traveling, water sports and dancing. This Southern belle was too hot and sleepy to bother writing down a fantasy, but whatever she's dreaming of, it sure looks sweet from here.

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Constance Dawn, 37, is from Phoenix, Arizona, and her hobbies include nudity, hiking and piercing. She's an anthropology student, seen here doing her homework on the primitive sex rituals of the Beaver Clan.

Photo by Friend

Caught playing peekaboo is Samaro, a 24-year-old bank supervisor from Newport, Oregon. She keeps in fine shape by dancing, jet skiing and walking naked on the beach at midnight, and her fantasy is to have sex on a jet ski in the middle of a lake. Sounds risky, but with a pink treasure like that to dive for, it's worth jumping in the deep end.

Photo by Friend



Spreading out the goodie basket on this picnic is Tara, a 30-year-old manager from Seattle, Washington. Tara's hobbies include fencing, riding and animals, and she'd like to make love in the glass elevator of a busy hotel. Getting down might be tricky, but getting up will be no problem at all.



This sweetheart's named Charlie, and she's an exotic dancer from Bay City, Michigan. Only 18, Charlie didn't let us in on any of her hobbies or fantasies. That baby face couldn't be hiding any dirty thoughts, could it?

Photo by Friend





Kimberly is a 28-year-old mom from Brownstone, Indiana. The natural redhead's many pastimes include skating, riding, softball and crafts. She'd like to ride a horse nude across a snowy field to meet the perfect man who could share her love of nature. She's already shared a few of nature's lovelies with us. Photo by Friend

Meet Malina. A 21-year-old from Orangeville, California, Malina enjoys tennis, skiing and dancing, but doesn't list any occupation. Since her fantasy is to make love on top of a car in the summer, perhaps a career as a hood ornament is in her future.

Photo by Boyfriend





Stepping through the curtains onto our stage is Leslie, 21, a housewife and part-time teacher from Birmingham, Alabama. Leslie likes running, skiing and having sex and would love to star in a porn flick with her husband. With star quality like this, she's sure to get a standing ovation from every dick in the house.

Photo by Husband

This picture-pretty derriere belongs to Renee of Fort Worth, Texas. Like many women, this 21-year-old housewife's hobbies are shopping and relaxing, but unlike most, her fantasy is to watch her lucky husband having sex with another girl.



Serving up a double boilermaker is Cindi, a Las Vegas bartender. The 28-year-old likes biking and hiking and says that the thought of having someone watch her fuck really turns her on. She's not the only one.

Photo by Friend

Breazy, 32, is a housewife and mother in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Her fantasy is to have slow sex with a long-haired Asian woman, and her hobby is riding on her husband's Harley. With that sleek design and hot-pink engine, Breazy doesn't need a chopper to take you for a ride.

Photo by Husband



This smooth, white 22-year-old body belongs to Tatianna. An exotic dancer in Tucson, Arizona, Tatianna likes writing poetry, taking long baths and, of course, sex. She dreams of making love on silk sheets covered with rose petals. Sounds nice, but it's hard to imagine a sweeter, pinker bud than hers.

Photo by Fiance

Christina is 21. She likes reading horror and sex books, partying and having sex. This housewife from Chesapeake, Virginia, plucks at her vagina while she bones up on the skills she'll need to live out her fantasy of group sex with three women, her husband and another man.

Photo by Friend





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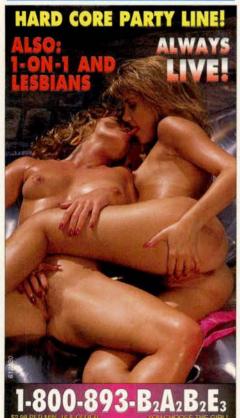
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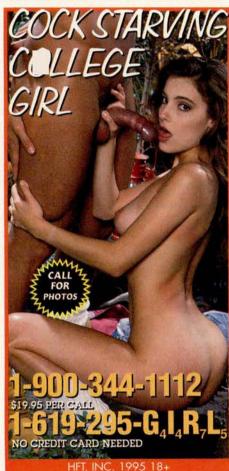
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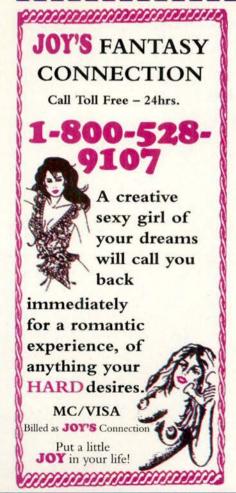
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Hate Crimes

(continued from page 100)

of the country, including New York and San Francisco.

Upon examination, many of the offenses cited in the report were neither acts of violence nor crimes. The LCP included in their tally the wearing of T-shirts or buttons perceived as antigay or making fun of homosexuality. The largest subgroup of the 608 incidents was "obscene/offensive phone calls" (397), followed by "antilesbian/gay language" (274). Despite repeated requests, LCP refused to provide any documentation for its report.

"You have a serious problem with interest groups keeping statistics," Wilcox says. "It would be so easy for someone to say, 'I had a hate-crime phone call.' That kind of thing can be easily fabricated."

Wilcox forwards a simple explanation for an interest group's attempt to embellish the number of actual hate crimes suffered by the minority they represent. "Whenever some horrible hate crime gets publicized, [the groups'] contributions go up."

The hate-crime hoaxer, aided by the media and special-interest groups with their own agendas, exacerbates America's divisions for monetary and political profit and for petty self-aggrandizement.

"Unlike attacks motivated by greed, jealousy or lust, hate offenses can be regarded as acts of domestic terrorism," Levin and McDevitt write in *Hate Crimes*. "A cross burned in the front yard of a particular black family sends a frightening message to all blacks; an assault against one woman signals women everywhere that they could be next. In effect, an attack inspired by bigotry says in unequivocal terms to each and every member of the victim's group that 'the same thing could happen to you."

The summer of 1996 has been witness to a disturbing example of the domestic terrorism Levin and McDevitt describe. Media attention has focused on a spate of arsons in the South targeting black churches, 65 of which have burned since January 1, 1995. Though an extensive USA Today investigation found no broad racist conspiracy behind the burnings, "two well-defined geographic clusters or 'arson zones' where black church arsons are up sharply...suggest racial motives."

The racial hostility behind these crimes is real and deplorable. More deplorable is that a small number of hoaxers seem to have seized this tragic trend as an opportunity for selfish gain. Of the 30 people arrested for black-church arsons, ten are black.

Geisha

(continued from page 106)

sexy by means of skills cultivated over 400 years of training and tradition.

Whether she's pouring sake, gesturing to the servers or simply fanning herself, Maiko moves with a singular elegance. In the custom decreed for a geisha apprentice, Akae's face has been painted with a dense, white makeup and her elaborate coif adorned with bells and baubles. The guests are speechless in their obvious delight. Fukumura proposes a toast to the deal, and the happy moguls empty their sake cups to seal the bargain. In 15 well-planned minutes, Fukumura has recouped his \$5,000 investment by 200-fold.

A geisha working in one of the posher districts of Tokyo earns twice the salary of the average corporate businessman. The base salary of \$65,000 does not include the hefty, untaxed tips that can double her yearly income. Chiyogiku makes \$200,000 a year, not including the outlandishly expensive gifts showered upon her by her generous sugar daddy.

Dressed in full geisha regalia, Chiyogiku stands in front of the lobby doors of the Sony building after hours, having just exited a specially arranged engagement outside the ryotei. The lobby is dark and locked tightly, but the geisha is bathed in ghostly light emanating from a bank of Coke machines, holding a cigarette in her hand. Her long hair, piled loosely on top of her head, is beginning to unravel in the mist from falling rain. Her calm face and graceful neck are as pale as moonlight. Wet in a silvery kimono, Chiyogiku is a mask of timeless beauty.

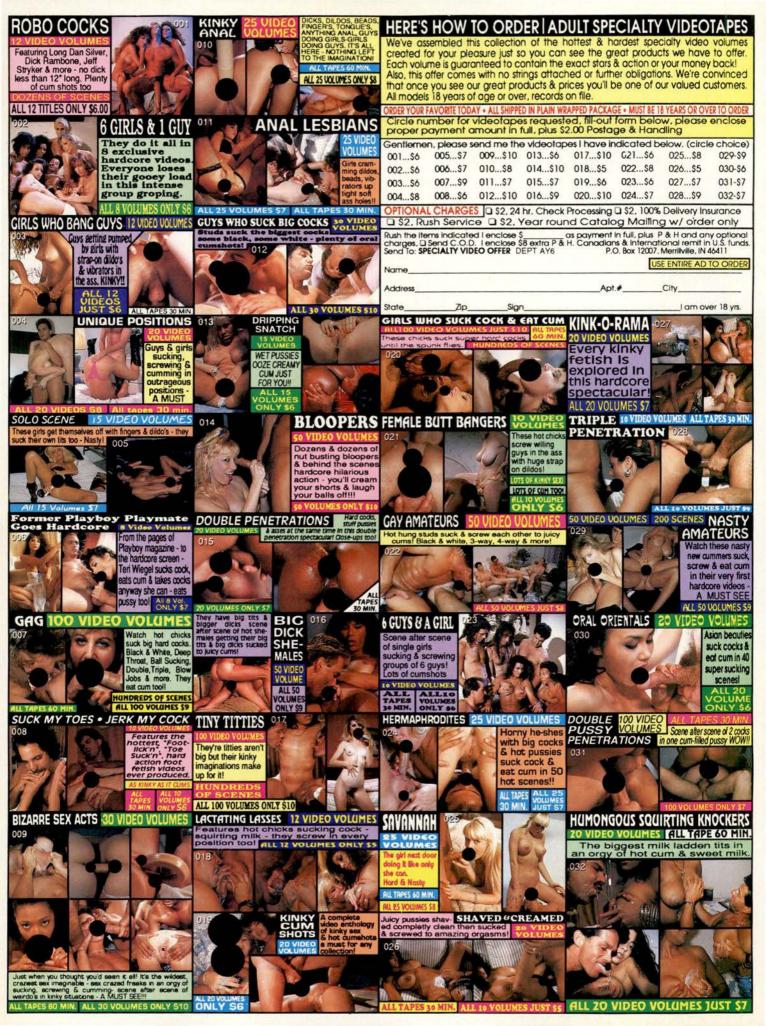
"You want to know what being a geisha is?" she asks, reaching into her big sleeve and pulling out a long, velvet case. Opening the lid, she raises the box to reveal its contents: a dazzling diamond bracelet the width of a sweatband, with a gold Tiffany logo adorning the setting.

"That's what being a geisha is!" Chiyogiku squeals in delight, ecstatic over the new bauble from her admiring patron.

Tatemae and hone, a person's outer and inner face, are the terms Japanese thought traditionally employs to describe the fundamental duality of human identity. For Chiyogiku, the fancy jewels represent the hone of her life. For a nation under the onslaught of the West, vainly clutching at its past, this sodden seductress provides a treasured symbolic link—the hone of her painted face.







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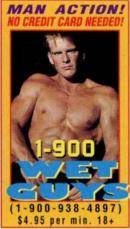
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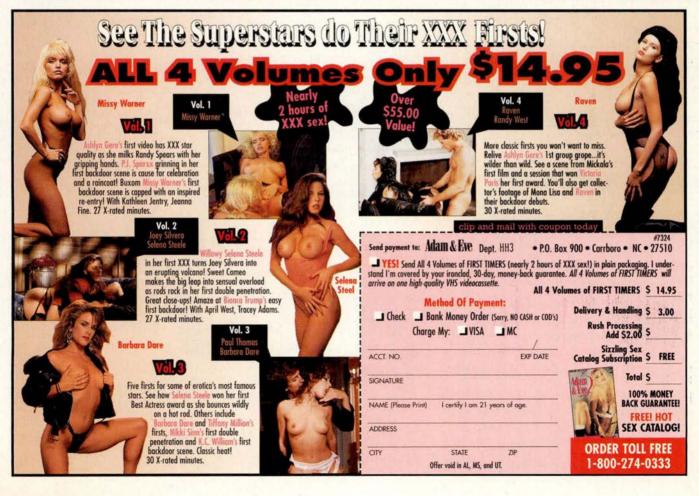
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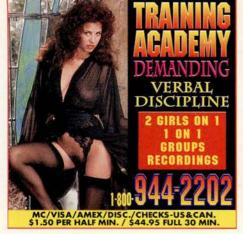








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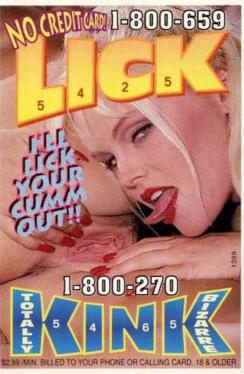














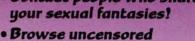


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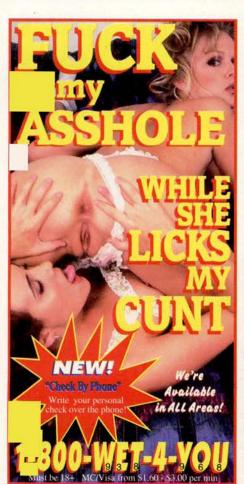


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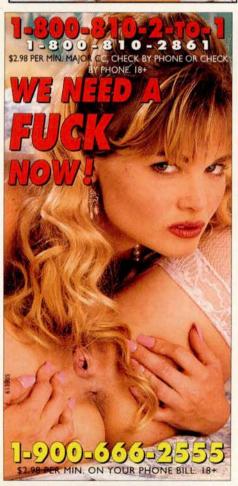






















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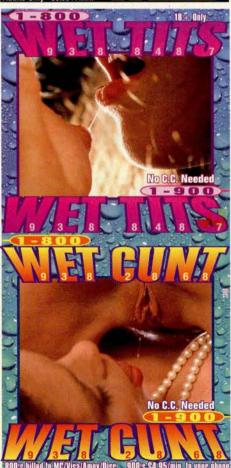
















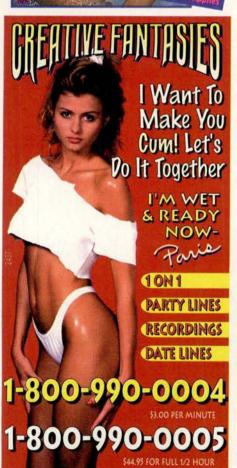
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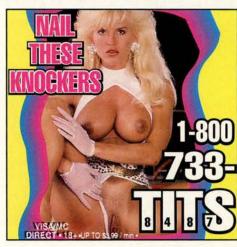
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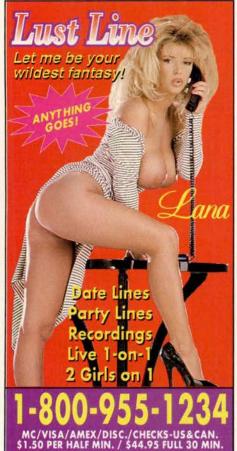










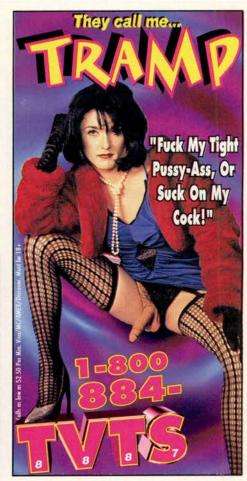


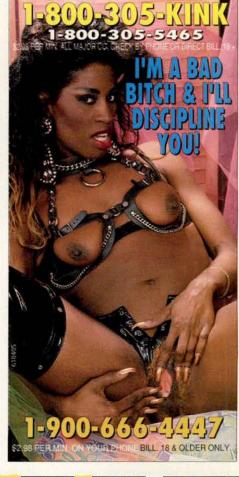


















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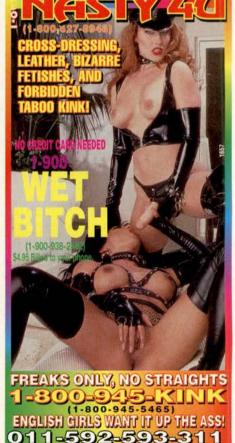


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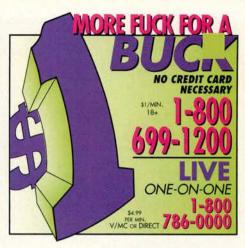






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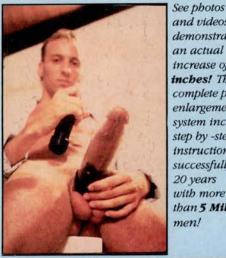












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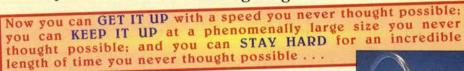
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The phenomenon of male erectile response occurs when external stimulation, applied to the glans and penile shaft (see fig. 1) produces increased blood flow into the special muscles which reside in the penis. The increase produces turgidity and engorgement with a corresponding increase in thickness and size until the muscles are at full capacity. By increasing capacity, the muscles can hold more blood, producing a SIGNIFI-CANTLY LONGER, FATTER, and BULGING EREC-TION. This is the principle behind the SUPRA-12, and it is simplicity itself! By using the system and all the components supplied, and flowing the simple directions, any man CAN **ENJOY ASTOUNDING RESULTS in augmenting** his natural penis size to the VERY MAXIMUM **DIMENSIONS** of which he is capable!

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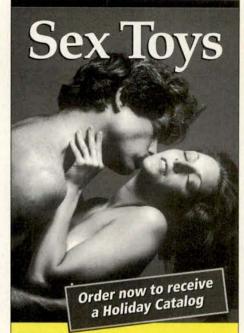
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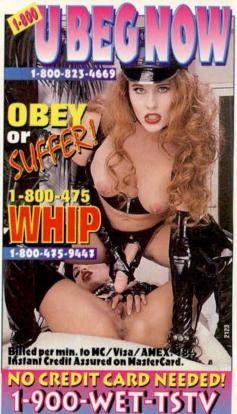
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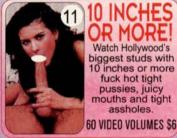


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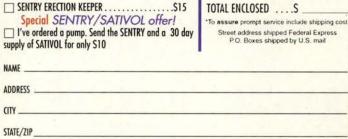
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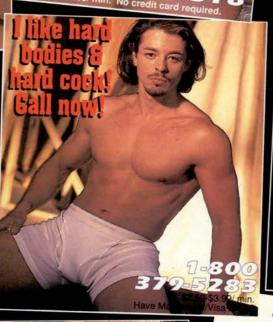




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STOCKING STUFFERS

Yes, Vagina, there is a Santa Claus, and the Big Red One will be ho-ho-hoing like hell when HUSTLER's Holiday Issue comes to town. A leggy brunette tries on her brandnew pretties, then finds her little pussy takes an extra large; a nice young lady makes a very naughty wish list; a skin shoot gets out of hand when our female photographer strays too close to the action; a horny, blond college girl submits to a hosing for Christmas break; and a randy dentist with a filthy mouth reveals her sweet tooth when she sucks a big, fat candy cane, then fills her cavities. This holiday season, HUSTLER's immaculate conceptions will turn every infidel into a believer and have the most virgin mother shouting: Merry XXXmas!

SEXCAPADES

Never mind jet skiing, sight-seeing and postcard writing. Our idea of a great vacation is to spend a week touring strange pussies and sampling exotic foreign ass, and *Hedonism: Swingers in Jamaica* is a ticket to paradise. HUSTLER travel correspondent Tim Spencer visits the ultimate swinger's resort, where a chick you just met will suck your dick on the beach at sunset. Screw yourself silly in the hot tub while friendly Rasta waiters rush the cold rum punch, or just relax and watch a complete stranger ass-fuck your wife. Whatever the fantasy, on this island it's included, all for one price.

WHOLLY MASS

Women with massive, breastless chests, five-o'clock shadow and four-inch clits. Impotent men with raging acne, bulging eyeballs and shrunken balls the size of raisins. Circus freaks? Sci-fi monsters? They're the casualties of professional bodybuilding. A sport supposedly devoted to health and beauty is increasingly bent toward self-destructive perversity as male and female competitors, desperate to achieve inhuman bulk and cartoon proportions, use drugs, steroids and surgery to transform themselves into walking science experiments. In *Cro-Magnon Chic*, Alice Joanou meets the future of fitness and asks, *Is it female, or what?*

BLOODY MARY

This Hanukkah, are you man enough to part the Red Sea? Next month in Sex Play, Roberto Santiago reports on the bloodthirsty pussy munchers who go down and get off in "Bloody Wonderful! Eating a Woman During Her Period." Erotic Entertainment checks out the films of Charles Gatewood, where sick chicks get pricked; Bits & Pieces joins Bucky Beaver on his Christmas rounds; and Beaver Hunt unwraps gifts from home. Be ye Jew or Gentile, angel or devil, HUSTLER's Holiday Issue gives each and every one on our list just what they deserve: a pink Christmas.

Holiday HUSTLER on sale October 22, 1996

HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at http://www.hustler.com











